The Nation

Vol. CIV NEW YORK. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917 No. 2694

The Week

REPORTING the Chancellor's belief that the submarine campaign would end the war quickly, the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* said, "We must hasten. Five or six months will suffice." But then it added, perhaps with more significance than it was aware of: "God grant that we do not *renew with our submarines our deceptive experiences with Zeppelins*." Thereby hangs a long and melancholy tale of German disappointment. It has often been told—the successive strokes each of which, the General Staff assured the German people, was going to end the war. But there is peculiar appositeness in this present comparison of the hopes pinned to the submarines running wild, and those earlier pinned to the Zeppelins. In both cases the German public was led to believe that the extraordinary genius of Germany for war had produced an engine of destruction which no enemy could match or meet. It was not merely that the Zeppelins held London at their mercy. Englishmen were to be so terrified by death raining from the sky that they would beg for peace. But "deceptive experience" has shown all those expectations to have been completely false. London is now as secure against air-raids as is Paris. The latest flights of Zeppelins over England were more disastrous to the invader than to his victims. Germany discovered that she had incurred the odium of adopting a means of war incredibly inhuman, without reaping any practical military advantage from it. And it is plain that into some German hearts the fear is creeping to-day that something similar will result from the plan of wholesale devastation and death at sea. After the failure of the Zeppelins, could even German tenacity fail to break under a failure of the submarines?

THAT they have failed, or surely will fail, the *Nation* does not dream of positively asserting. The event is still shrouded in uncertainty. But certain facts must be as obvious to the Germans as to the rest of the world. The *rate* of sinkings by submarines is not being maintained at its level of the first few days. And it is plain that methods of defence are daily being improved. The under-water attacks may score heavily on one day or another. A big liner may be caught by a torpedo, now and then. But it is clear that the early predictions made to the German people, that in six weeks or two months the submarines would bring England to the end of her food supplies, are going to prove ridiculously wide of the mark. In that sense, the deceptive experience is already under way.

OF Senator Stone's resolution approving Mr. Wilson's course with Germany, we may say that all's well that ends well. The vote of 78 to 5 by which the President was sustained is impressive; perhaps more impressive than an absolutely unanimous vote would have been with its suggestion of the perfunctory. But of Senator Stone's motives in bringing up the question we get only a muddled impression, and his method of procedure does not set a record for statesmanship. On the one hand, the Senator from Missouri wanted to let the world know that "we support the President." On the other hand, he was anxious lest we should be swept off our feet "under the influence of a propaganda put forth for the purpose of exciting us to war on the side of one of the belligerents." Just what sort of vote, then, did Mr. Stone hope for? Did he desire a unanimous vote supporting the President, or was he disappointed because only five Senators voted against letting us be swept off our feet by a foreign propaganda? And what shall we say of a spokesman for the Administration who speaks without "a word of consultation with the President or with any executive official"? Only this: there have been occasions before this when Senator Stone has given the country cause for wondering whether it was really the Chairman of the Senate Committee and the spokesman for the President that was speaking, or only a simple, human Senator unusually liable to the ordinary human failing of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.

THE President's proclamation forbidding the transfer of American-owned ships to foreign registry on the ground that, in the present shipping emergency, they "cannot be brought back to serve the needs of our water-borne commerce without the permission of foreign nations," binds us to a policy already adopted by most nations. Early in the war about a half-million tons were added to American shipping by transfers from abroad. Since then most countries of maritime importance have stopped such transfers, though evasions of the law have not been uncommon. As it is stated that the President's proclamation was not prompted by the break with Germany, but by a recommendation of the Federal Shipping Board, it will probably remain in force an indefinite time. It should mean much to American shippers; for, though the amount of American-owned tonnage transferred has been exaggerated, the Department of Commerce vouches for the fact that, since July 1, 109 vessels of 136,500 tons have gone over to other flags, mainly to Scandinavian. Shipbuilders now filling direct contracts with foreign owners will not be affected, but mere ship-speculators will be pretty well put out of business.

COUNT VON STUMM, of the German Foreign Office, may not be a great diplomatist, but he is surely a great humorist. In his explanation of the submarine plan of campaign he says that, since the beginning of the war, Germany has been obliged to "renounce" her overseas traffic. Now let England do the same. If only her merchant-sailors were kept at home, they would not be "exposed to danger." And this, moreover, would equalize things, so that England would be "compelled to make war under the same conditions as Germany." And then let the best man win! The joke of this might not be appreciated by all Germans, but by one it certainly would be. We mean Prince Bülow, the former Chancellor, who in a book published in 1913 distinctly warned his countrymen of the folly of going to war with England, since she would infallibly sweep German commerce from the ocean and blockade Germany.

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SEVERE winter weather in Europe has not hitherto interfered with large-scale military operations. The German attack on Verdun a year ago began in February. In the February before that Hindenburg won his second great battle against the Russians. The Carpathians have seen heavy fighting in snow and ice. Nevertheless, the cold now prevailing on the Continent is of such exceptional severity as to render battles of the first magnitude improbable. The effect of zero weather is felt most immediately behind the firing line in the form of hampered facilities for transportation. Where the battle-line lies closest to the military bases, as in France or before Riga, this handicap is less likely to be operative. In southeastern Europe, on the other hand, the Teutonic forces must be fed by roundabout railway systems through the southern Carpathian passes into Rumania, and then back north towards the line of the Sereth. To this condition is probably to be attributed the slackening of the offensive against the Russo-Rumanians, though we must not overlook the human factor involved in possible Bulgarian and Turkish reluctance to press on with undertakings from which neither Bulgaria nor Turkey can expect to derive any ultimate advantage.

"IT is the first time in fifty years that England has ordered a ship built in the United States." In this statement by an official of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, which has contracted to build three 10,000-ton steel freighters for British firms, we have one hint as to the provision made by Great Britain against the new submarine warfare. Unless the submarine campaign collapses within a short time, it is plain that the Allies will be turning to this country for new tonnage as they did for war supplies at the beginning of the war. And even if Great Britain by extraordinary efforts of her own could build ships as fast as the U-boats sank them, it is a question whether the British Government would not prefer to have them built in this country. Diversion of energy from the direct business of war should be far from unwelcome to the enemy. If England should be impelled to recall from the front a large supply of ship-yard labor, as early in the war she had to recall coal miners and skilled workers, it would be an addition to her recruiting difficulties which may well have been contemplated by the German war leaders when they decided upon the new sea tactics.

IT would appear that the chances for Dr. Grayson's appointment as medical director over the heads of 127 other medical officers are becoming decidedly slim. The Democratic Senators are not willing to concede any more time for the discussion of the nomination, and the Republicans will not consent to the fixing of a day for a vote. More than that, an opinion by the Attorney-General is described as admitting that the appointment is illegal under existing law, but as declaring that the law itself is unconstitutional. That naturally furnishes fresh ammunition for the opposition, which can now make the point that the President is assuming to override a law of the Congress in order that he may give exceptional reward to a faithful and devoted attaché of the White House. Under these circumstances, it would be a handsome thing if Dr. Grayson could see his way clear to asking the President to withdraw the nomination. The President will certainly not like to, having a well-known *penchant* for getting his own way; but what is at stake now is Dr. Grayson's standing with the navy and the country. His friends do not wish him to appear before the public as one who seeks his own advancement at the expense of others, for he is a man of marked ability and exceptional personal attractiveness, and he has indubitably rendered great service in the White House.

SCUTTLING from the Capitol and hissing to one another "Foiled again!"—such is the picture of the pork-barrel villains which Washington dispatches give us. There is a gratifying basis of truth for it. Since it became known that the President would veto the Public Buildings bill if it emerged from Congress in anything like the shape in which it rests in Senate committee, it has been understood that little attempt would be made to pass it this session. It was abandoned without great protest last summer, and can be abandoned again. The Flood Control bill had never excited such animosity as some others, for it deals with only two great schemes; but it is not urgent, and because of its debatable nature it also will probably go over. Most feared of all, the Rivers and Harbors measure has now come from the Senate committee with a number of appropriations added to those approved by the House. But Senator Kenyon and others have indicated their intention of fighting it by filibuster or any other means, and it would be so easy for a determined few to block it that its advocates will probably give in. The best plan would be to vote the moderate round sum proposed by Senator Kenyon for a maintenance of existing work, to be expended under direction of the army engineers.

AT last we are getting some sanity on the question of military training in the schools. The New Jersey Commission on Military Training in High Schools last week vetoed the proposal on eighteen different grounds, and all unanswerable. The previous week a similar proposal was defeated in the Minnesota Legislature. Moreover, all of the reasons which led to the wholesale condemnation by military officers of the similar proposal in Massachusetts are reëchoed by the New Jersey Commission. Plainly, several of the arguments which the Commission used against training in the high schools are equally applicable to the proposal of universal military service for the country. They are: (1) Military training does not inculcate the habit of willing obedience; (2) patriotism is not taught by military training, but by study of the country, its history, its progress, and "its provisions for the happiness and welfare of the people"; "the selection of high-school boys for military training is objectionable because it will lead to *undesirable social distinctions*." But if this is so, what becomes of the argument that universal service is so remarkably democratic? All the more regrettable, in view of the stand taken by Minnesota and Massachusetts and New Jersey, is the fact that political leaders at Albany are insisting upon making their laws for compulsory military training worse instead of repealing them. The New Jersey Commission declares that military training in its schools will cause boys to leave; at least, if New Jersey stands firm, objectors in New York will not have far to move to a better atmosphere.

IN the excitement of the international situation, the fact that the investigation into the alleged "leak" really developed a leak, and probably *the* leak, has not attracted as

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much notice as it should. The counsel for the Rules Committee has brought out the fact that William W. Price, a reporter on the Washington *Evening Star*, supplied two persons in Chicago with advance information as to the peace message. Moreover, Mr. J. F. Essary, the correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* in Washington, admitted that he had given a memorandum of Mr. Lansing's advance statement to the newspaper men to Connolly & Co., and had written a dispatch for transmission by it to Hutton & Co. in New York. In thus betraying the confidence of Secretary Lansing, it seems to us that both of these newspaper men directly violated the ethics of the profession. It is certainly a most unhappy condition of affairs if some of the Washington correspondents, who have always stood so high in public estimation, are forming connections with Stock Exchange houses in order to furnish advance tips on what they learn in their capacity as newspaper men. Men in public life in Washington have come to trust the correspondents, and these revelations cannot but injure the profession, by causing a loss of faith in the newspaper men who have heretofore been proud that officials were willing to trust them in confidence with matters of the greatest moment.

IT is in keeping with the extraordinary political developments of the past decade that the only one of the minor parties which increased its vote last November should be the only one to consider amalgamating with some other. The Socialist vote decreased from 900,000 to 600,000, and the Progressives went the way of all flesh, but the Prohibitionists added 9,000 to their 208,000 of 1912. Yet this gain is followed by a conference to discuss the question of uniting with other organizations having the same object as that of the party. The Prohibitionists are in a strange position. They see victory after victory won for their cause, but won by methods which they have always been inclined to stigmatize as ineffective. Nothing short of a political party, they have insisted, could muster strength enough to rout the demon rum. But State upon State has driven the traffic out, and all the while the Prohibition vote has fluctuated between 200,000 and 250,000. The final triumph looks much nearer than ever before, but what part is being played in it by the only party which writes a prohibition plank in its platform? Nevertheless, the conference decided to retain the party identity for the Congressional elections of 1918 at least—and to keep a weather eye upon Mr. Bryan and the Democratic platform of 1920.

THE abolition of the death penalty in Arizona, making a dozen States which are without it, has been followed by a national campaign for similar action the country over. The most encouraging response is from Gov. McCall in his message to the Massachusetts Legislature:

> I urge you to pass legislation abolishing capital punishment. I believe that the principles of humanity and the scientific methods of penology both demand that it be done away with, and the experience of the States and nations which have abolished it warrant us in taking action.

Rhode Island is the model to which those behind the movement point. That State had capital punishment from 1636 to 1852, murder, rape, robbery, arson, burglary, and treason being so punishable. The execution of a man for the murder of the father of the War Governor of the State, upon what many believed to be inadequate evidence, brought the question to a definite issue, although eight years elapsed before the repeal of the law. Twenty years later, the killing of a prison officer by an escaping convict led to a statute providing for capital punishment for murder committed by a life prisoner. An increase of murderous attacks during the past five years has revived discussion of the matter, but the Attorney-General's Department regards the increase as merely one of the "waves" which occur occasionally.

ARKANSAS is the first State to take advantage of the Supreme Court decision on the Webb-Kenyon law by enacting a measure rigidly prohibiting the importation of liquor or its shipment from point to point in the State. Meanwhile, bills for the same purpose of making prohibition territory "bone-dry" are reported from South Carolina, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Texas. As the last-named State has no general prohibition law, the measure under discussion is probably a stringent reënactment of the law of 1913 forbidding shipments into those counties—an overwhelming majority—which have ousted the liquor traffic under local option. It is also stated that Gov. Bilbo, of Mississippi, and Gov. Harris, of Georgia, are considering the calling of special sessions for the passage of "bone-dry" laws. In Kansas a bill is pending to make the State completely "dry" by defining the place of delivery of liquor as the place of sale. All the evidence thus points to the drawing of a clean-cut issue on the importation of limited quantities of liquor into prohibition States. The attitude of the South, except Virginia, seems emphatically against such importation. That of some far Northwestern States seems as clearly for it.

THE American Society for the Control of Cancer, a body of the very highest character and authority, has issued a circular which we regard as one of the most important that have come from any health organization in a long time. The occasion of the circular is furnished by the address delivered by Mr. Arthur Hunter, president of the Actuarial Society of America and actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, at the recent meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, on the question, "Is Cancer either Contagious or Hereditary?" Mr. Hunter's conclusion, based on a searching study of what seems like an adequate number of instances, is that there is every reason to believe that it is neither. The Cancer Society, in its circular, says that "previous statistical investigation among human beings has failed to establish the inheritance of cancer, and Mr. Hunter's study merely adds to the mass of evidence against heredity as a causative factor." On the subject of contagion, the Society's statement is even more emphatic. Here the evidence is not only statistical, but also directly experiential, since "after countless operations there is no case recorded in which a surgeon or nurse has acquired cancer from the treatment of or attendance upon any patient suffering from this disease." We trust that the purport of the Society's circular will become generally known throughout the country, and have the effect which it is intended to attain—the removal from the minds of those having friends or relatives afflicted with cancer of all fear of its transmission either by descent or by contact.

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BOTH for its promise of energetic work in the field of the care of the unbalanced, and for the assurance it brings of a growing constituency interested in such work, the appearance of the new quarterly, *Mental Hygiene,* is a noteworthy fact. Far too many people still regard insanity as a mysterious visitation, against which in most cases neither society nor the individual can do much. The National Committee on Mental Hygiene, publishing the magazine, has labored for years to show that we can reduce insanity not only by attacking such underlying causes as alcoholism, the drug habit, and certain diseases, but by establishing clinics which will diagnose and treat psychic-neurosis or any incipient aberration. The early stages in most mental disorders are easily curable stages. The establishment of one clinic by the Committee in New York five years ago resulted in legislative action extending such work by enlisting the State hospitals in it. A similar free clinic opened in Connecticut in 1913 has led Connecticut's asylums to take up the clinical care of patients before commitment and after release. The Committee should also be aided by the magazine in its movement to have State care universally substituted for county care, so disgracefully inadequate in many States; and to have State care in hospitals supplemented by properly supervised care in normal surroundings outside.

Germany's Course Since the Break

IT would be silly to jump to rash conclusions concerning German policy towards the United States, upon the basis of the little that we know. What with the censorship and the blockade and the cut cables, each nation is left a good deal in the dark as to what the other thinks and intends. But a few facts lie plain on the surface. From them certain cautious deductions can be made.

For one thing, it is evident that President Wilson's course in promptly dismissing Ambassador Bernstorff took the German Foreign Office by surprise. Herr Zimmermann's statement of last week frankly admitted this. To be sure, he laid more emphasis upon the painfulness than upon the unexpectedness of the President's action, but it is clear that the whole was unlooked for by the German Government. Already there is something in the public expressions like what came out at the beginning of the war when it was made so plain that the German Foreign Office was mistaken about what England would do. Have we here another case of the information and advice of the Ambassador on the spot being disregarded in Berlin? There is certainly a hint of this in the somewhat embarrassed and disconnected statement put out by the German Foreign Secretary.

However that may be, it is now certain that the German Government will not take Wilson's severing of diplomatic relations as a deadly affront, to which there is no reply but a declaration of war. The possibility of such a step existed all along. If the German Government had been in a bellicose mood towards the United States—above all, if it had been manœuvring to pick a quarrel with us—it would have seized upon the sending away of Count Bernstorff as full justification for war. Such a breach, in fact, has been the usual preliminary to hostilities. That Germany has chosen not so to treat it is proof positive that she was not desirous of provoking a conflict. Her Government may have been ready to run the risk of a war with the United States; the peril of such a result lay from the first in the renewal of unlimited submarine warfare, and still exists; but no one can now believe that Germany deliberately set about bringing on hostilities with this country. Technical provocation the German Government had in plenty, if that was what it was looking for. Clearly, it was not.

Another evidence of good will—or, at least, of a desire to avoid a collision with the United States—was furnished by the case of the American sailors captured by the German raider in the Atlantic and taken to Germany on the Yarrowdale. It is true that their release is still delayed, but apparently this is due simply to a characteristic piece of Prussian stupidity. The demand of our Government was granted, though the main issue involved was not passed upon. This was, of course, whether sailors taken on an armed merchantman could be held as prisoners of war. The German Government did not meet that question directly, merely promising release on the ground that, when the men shipped, they did not know what position the German Government would take in the matter of armed merchant vessels. This leaves the possibility of a future controversy, undoubtedly, but removes the immediate difficulty. And the point is that the German Government removed it in a conciliatory spirit.

One thing more cannot have escaped the careful reader of the dispatches from Europe. This is that the note of world-peace has been sounded again in Germany since the break with the United States. It has been sounded, it is true, in a fashion with which German pronouncements have made the world familiar. That is, the most desperate measures are proposed for the most benevolent ends. Thus the Hungarian Premier, after explaining that the resort to submarine terrorism was necessary, spoke of it as leading up naturally and beautifully to the ideal of peace which President Wilson had set before the world! And a common attitude in Germany is that, as soon as England is starved into submission, the most generous terms of peace will be granted to the Allies. It is impossible to follow such confused reasoning, but it may contain a hint that the German Government is at last thinking of announcing to the world the conditions on which it would be glad to end the war. We have not had them, even in general terms. If they are anywhere near so moderate as the Germans have asserted, and if they had boldly been made public, in place of the threat of terror on the ocean, we believe that there would have been a Peace Conference in two months' time. The German Government may conclude that even now it is not too late for such a step. That President Wilson would meet it more than half way is certain.

A League of Armed Neutrals

THE *Survey* prints a description by Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes, of Columbia University, of the Armed Neutrality Leagues of 1780 and 1800. This is an important contribution at the present moment, in the event that we should drift into war with Germany, for the historic precedents set forth a policy which might readily be pursued by the President, particularly as it is strikingly in line with his own efforts to combine the neutral nations in a protest against the abominable German plan of ruthless killing on the high seas. It is the more valuable because there are already plenty of indications that if we get into the war the intense sympathizers with the Allies will demand that we become one with the Entente nations, link our fortunes

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to theirs, place our ships under British Admirals, send our boys to battle in the trenches in Flanders and on the Somme, and generally join in the effort on land and sea to crush Germany. To all this the *Nation* would be opposed, and we believe that much pressure will be required to induce President Wilson to make this country a tail to the Entente.

In brief, Professor Hayes recalls that when England was at war with France and Spain and her American colonies, her actions made the lot of all the neutrals so intolerable that Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, and Portugal formed a League of Armed Neutrality to demand:

(1.) Free passage of neutral ships from port to port and along the coasts of combatant nations;

(2.) Inviolability of an enemy's goods in neutral ships, with the exception of such goods as were contraband of war; and

(3.) Exact definition of a blockaded port, a merely nominal (paper) blockade, that is, one not enforced by a sufficient number of ships, being declared inadmissible.

In 1800 in the Napoleonic struggles the Baltic Powers revived the League of Neutrals with little success. But in 1798 there occurred a precedent of our own making which bears directly on the present situation. In that year the United States, also to protect our rights on the seas, broke off diplomatic relations with France, and American ships of war fought several actions with French cruisers which were preying on our commerce—much as policemen might interfere with disturbers of traffic or with highwaymen. That no formal declaration of war was made is all the more striking in view of the announcement that President Wilson will not ask Congress for a declaration of war, but merely for permission to use force in such a way as he may deem it necessary. If he feels himself compelled to go a step further than he has gone, this is obviously the right course to take. Indeed, it would seem almost to indicate that the President has these historic precedents in mind.

To these armed neutrality leagues historians attribute the revision of the rules of naval warfare which gradually followed them and then led up to the Declaration of Paris of 1856 and the London Declaration of 1909. Now, it is an interesting fact that these leagues did not involve the nations joining them in the war, not even though their naval convoys engaged the ships which attacked, and despite the fact that one of the belligerents in one case actually declared war on the neutrals. This the neutrals simply ignored. It is of great interest, too, that Russia in starting the first league went it alone for six months before the others plucked up courage to join. The advantages of such a course of armed neutrality for the United States and the other neutrals at this time would be many. Primarily, it might not actually put us into war with Germany, and therefore would keep out of this terrible struggle the one important civilized area which, "unswept by hatred, is the world's one last great reservoir of good-will and of resources for the generous purposes of reconstruction."

From the beginning, such a course would exalt our undertaking to the plane not of revenge, but of organized championship of common rights. It would definitely prevent our having to agree with the Allies not to make peace until each of them consented. It would still save to us the great moral prestige that has come to us from refraining from war even under provocation, and from the President's efforts to bring about peace, which have had a wider effect than most Americans conceive to be the case. Above all, it would place us at the head of a great and growing group of neutrals to exercise a lasting influence for permanent peace at the hour of settlement instead of making us the last and the least of the belligerents.

Railways and Strikes

THE "plan of legislation" drawn up by the Public Service Commission, upon which public hearings began in New York last week, is something more than a scheme for dealing with street-railway strikes and lockouts, or the threat of them, for it undertakes to make the situation on our urban transit systems normally such as will render a resort to strikes or lockouts unlikely, because it will be unnecessary to the obtaining of any just demand either of employees or employers. To achieve this end, it lays down, to begin with, the fundamental requirement that "street railroads shall provide for the payment of fair and reasonable wages and salaries to all employees engaged in the service and make provision for fair and reasonable working conditions in the performance of such service," and then proceeds to define the mechanism through which the carrying out of this principle is to be effected. The right of organization by the whole or any part of the force of the employees is provided for, as is also the right of any duly formed organization to represent its members in any negotiations or proceeding affecting their interests. But as a condition of this recognition, there is required of the organization "a consent in writing, signed by its duly authorized officers, to accept and abide by all decisions, awards, and orders" made as provided for in the plan.

To determine what shall constitute fair and reasonable wages and working conditions, in the event that this cannot be settled by mutual agreement between employer and employee, it is proposed that there shall be established a wage board, whose members shall be paid by the State, and upon which the various organizations of employees shall be represented as nearly as possible according to the size of their membership, the employers having a representation equal to the total representation of the employees; it seems also to be designed that an additional number of members shall be appointed by the Commission. It will be the duty of this board to investigate any question in dispute and report its findings to the Commission; and upon the basis of this report, the "Commission shall make a determination which shall be binding upon all parties concerned." If the wage board shall fail to agree, or if the law actually adopted shall not establish a wage board, then the Commission shall itself conduct the inquiry, and "shall make its determination upon its own findings." Recourse to the wage board or the commission is likewise provided for in the case of any individual employee who may deem himself aggrieved by any act of discipline or dismissal on the part of the employer; and the Commission may order the reinstatement of a discharged employee and award him back pay. Future contracts of service are required to be for a definite term, and in the absence of any other agreement it shall be understood that the term is one year.

Clearly, all this is a serious and honest effort to substitute for the anarchic conditions of the past, from which so much trouble has come and from which far graver trouble is constantly apprehended, a just and orderly relation between employers and employed. Instead of a brutal tug

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of war, prepared for in the dark by plot and counter-plot, there is to be a fair and open inquiry into the merits of every issue, guaranteed above all by the public's interest in the just decision of a matter in which it is so vitally concerned. That such a change in the character of the street-railway situation is imperatively necessary, all who have given thought to the matter are agreed; and while it is quite possible that the plan as tentatively drawn up by the Commission is open to objection, the only kind of criticism of it that is entitled to serious weight is such as is consistent with a desire to attain the large object in view.

The prohibition of strikes or lockouts "pending negotiation, investigation, and determination" is included in the plan, though it is only a small part of it; a fact which stands out in marked contrast with what has been decided on at Washington by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. That prohibition, which was an essential part of the scheme proposed by President Wilson last September, and since repeatedly urged by him, has wholly disappeared from the bill as now reported by the Committee. Compulsory arbitration, it should be noted, was never proposed in that scheme; there was to be no binding force in the decision of the investigating body. All that was to be exacted was security from the terrible disturbance of a great railway strike until the merits of the case had been reported upon by a fairly constituted board of inquiry. The bill now scheduled as likely to pass contains no provision of any such character. It does seek to diminish the danger of a sudden paralysis of transportation by making the physical obstruction of interstate or foreign commerce a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not more than $100, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both; and also by authorizing the President to use the armed forces of the United States, if necessary, to prevent such obstruction. That this is better than nothing must be admitted; that it meets in anything like an adequate way the danger whose gravity was so spectacularly demonstrated last autumn, we see little reason to believe. If a strike is not really and fundamentally formidable, the provision may serve well enough; if it is, those at the head of it will not be affected by the proposed enactment in their recourse to the many methods of coercion which are the chief instruments of their warfare.

Other Sing Sings and Trentons

MANY readers of the recent revelations of conditions in the New Jersey State Prison must have wondered if it is not true that a similar laxity prevails in many places over the nation. The campaign of publicity for prison reform has been carried on with great zeal all around New Jersey for the last three years. Ever since Mr. Osborne, in the autumn of 1913, took his "trial imprisonment" the work of remedying "mediæval" conditions has been almost constantly to the fore in the New York press. On the other side of New Jersey, a preliminary impetus was given to reform when in 1910 an inspector of the Government condemned the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania as a place of detention for Federal prisoners. It was later shown that both Western and Eastern penitentiaries, in crowded city quarters, were without proper light, sanitation, or space for work; and after prolonged airing of the topic in the press, a year ago the State took action to join the prisons in one model establishment, with a huge farm, at Bellefonte. Yet New Jersey never deviated from her course—and we now know how shocking that course was. New York was almost as indifferent before 1913. How many States are still where New York was in 1912 and New Jersey was last month?

All the evidence that can be drawn from casual inquiries, from the proceedings of informed bodies like the American Prison Association and Conference of Charities and Correction, and from the frequency of sporadic outbursts of complaint, indicates that the number may be considerable. It was a sense of the unenlightened nature of many prison systems that led Mr. Osborne recently to plan a tour of all the States. And only a few years ago an agitation concerning the conditions at San Quentin, California, drove the authorities to action. It was less than five years ago that in Nebraska the Warden and four assistants were killed in a protracted prisoners' outbreak, and it was explained that "the lax and inefficient system in vogue made possible the storage of firearms, knives, drugs, and so on, in many cells." Apparently it is true that men were flogged in a way to cause death in the Oregon Penitentiary before reforms were instituted by Chamberlain and West. In Kansas, Prof. Frank W. Blackmar, enabled by the Governor's action two years ago to make an investigation, found that the penitentiary was dark, leaky, and unsanitary, that it contained 118 insane, that 200 of the inmates had tuberculosis, and that in the last fifteen years 37 per cent. of the deaths had been from tuberculosis. The Legislature of 1915 defeated a bill embodying his recommendations. Prison history in Texas was marked by the suffocation of eight convicts in a dungeon at Richmond less than four years ago. From penal regulations such significant facts may be gleaned as that only nine States allow their prisoners unrestricted privilege of the mails, that some limit them to one letter in one or two months each, and that in fifteen States daily newspapers are barred. Beyond doubt many prisons are well administered. But when year after year abuses spontaneously come to light in various sections, we must suspect that a comprehensive examination would disclose conditions in a number of places which would astonish the States concerned.

This is true, despite the fact that the residents of the States doubtless sincerely desire to see the prisons humanely and progressively conducted. It seems that in some instances it requires a spectacular happening or a reformer of peculiar energy or eloquence to arouse the State. The reformer may be a man like Osborne, willing to give years to his task; like Donald Lowrie, passionately writing books; or like Blackmar, working with the cool patience of the sociologist. The event required may be brutally shocking, as in the Black Hole affair in Texas, or merely stinging to State pride, as in the inspector's report upon the Allegheny prison. But nowhere has a public appeared really callous to the evils of bad administration. Repeatedly it has shown itself interested and enthusiastic over a work of reform. There is every reason to believe that Californians are proud of the now enlightened policy at San Quentin, that Minnesotans are glad to point to the model prison at Stillwater, and that Illinoisans were gratified by the notice attracted by plans for their new round prison, all the cells facing outside to receive direct light and air. It is

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too plain that the public is very generally ignorant of exactly what prison conditions are. People easily forget all about the penitentiaries, and even when they do not, it is easy to deceive by a superficial correctness that may hide terrible things. Means must be found to achieve two ends: to increase the public alertness, and to improve the prison system so that in more cases than now it will run well automatically.

To accomplish the first object, no less than a steady campaign of education will be required in many States; a body of citizens must be collected and organized which shall be permanently interested in the maintenance of proper prison conditions. To achieve the second, reliance must be placed upon a more centralized control of penal institutions, as the best way of freeing them from the grip of politicians. One of the developments of the near future, we may hope, will be the powerful single State board in control of charitable and penal institutions, the members of which the inhabitants will expect to be as expert, able, and free from partisan influence as the members of the Public Service Commission. Such a board would appoint none but penal experts to Wardenships.

Why Idealists Quit the Socialist Party

THE chagrin of the Socialist organization in the United States over the precipitate decline of its vote is uncommonly keen. Immediately after the recent Presidential election over-enthusiastic Socialists jubilantly claimed 1,300,000 votes. Had their claim been borne out, there would have been a large increase over the 901,000 votes received in 1912. The sorry situation presently developed that, notwithstanding years of the most active propaganda, the Socialist vote fell much more than one-third of what it had been four years previously. The total vote of the Socialist party in 1916 was 590,166. Nominally, this is less than a one-third decrease from the 1912 vote. But when it is considered that the 1916 vote includes approximately 150,000 women's votes in new suffrage States, the actual diminution can be reckoned at more than one-third.

For other political parties to make explanations of losses is a customary aftermath of an election. Seasoned in the whirligig of politics, they expect reverses; their confident campaign assurances are a recognized part of preëlection tactics. But leaders of the Socialist party believed in the uninterrupted advance of their voting power. Successive increases in past elections had created a sanguineness bordering on complacency. Ill prepared, therefore, was such a party for severe disappointment, and the great loss befalling it has proved a disconcerting shock.

Confronted with the necessity of explaining, apologists assert that this defection is not that of "class-conscious Socialists." It is, according to most of these expounders, nothing more than the fluctuation of an unstable group easily led astray by the reforms or persuasive promises of other parties. Some mention also the general upsetting brought about by the war. All of them omit the pregnant fact that, when in prior elections this general class of voters supported the Socialist ticket, its accession was effusively hailed as a solid increase, and as the sure forerunner of the still more glorious expansion of the voting strength. Yet when large numbers of former Socialist voters withdrew their approval of the party, their action was set down as that of quondam mere "sentimental sympathizers" who had never become indoctrinated with the "principles of class solidarity."

Explanations like these are calculated to divert attention from the fact that a considerable portion of the loss was caused by widespread dissatisfaction with the party's practices. For to admit the truth would reflect seriously upon the quality of the leadership. The suppression of facts of which Socialists accuse their opponents is transmuted by some unfathomable process into "good party tactics" when done by themselves. Any admission that disintegration has been spreading in their organization would be sure to impair the supposed value of what has become to them a sort of vested proprietorship. Hence the blame is cast upon the fickleness of voters. Their own system of ethics comprises not only the refusal of information about themselves, but the penalizing of the publication of it. When some years ago the *New Review*, a scholarly, independent Socialist periodical, made public the fact that in a single year 75,000 dues-paying members had left the organization, Socialist leaders were so enraged over the giving out of the fact and the conclusions stated that the *New Review* was formally boycotted and blacklisted by the Socialist party local in New York city. Nor is this an isolated instance.

For years, in fact, there has been cankering decay in the Socialist organization. A party boasting of its democracy was so far behind what it sneered at as "bourgeois movements" that it did not even tolerate a proposal for minority representation in its own ranks! The forms of democracy were outwardly observed in some respects, it is true, but the actual operation was in the hands of a bureaucracy intolerant of opposition.

It is instructive, therefore, to find that some of the Socialists who were once a part of that bureaucracy are now coming forward with the plaint that the party is not the exalted organization that they thought it. These critics happen to be essentially writers, not political leaders; yet it is not the long-festering effects of mental and spiritual distortion that prompt their strictures so much as the obvious loss of political prestige. Prodding into the superficial causes of decay, they vary in their findings, but all have burst into print as though they had made new discoveries. One of them laments that freedom of expression in the Socialist press is much restricted, while two others have gone so far as to say—one outright, the other by inference—that the mob spirit often surges through the organization, and that, to judge by copious precedent, "the mechanism of discipline" will be stringently applied, and the long line of suspensions and expulsions upon pretext will be increased; since to criticise is "to play into the hands of the capitalist class."

The Socialist party prefers to indulge the flattering sensation that it is a movement peculiarly distinct from all that have preceded. It is superior to the ignorances, passions, bigotries, and corruptions signalizing so many other historic movements, each of which, by the way, made in its own time the same grandiose pretension. The Socialist

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organization, its leaders would have us believe, is the only one which has been established upon an intelligent study of conditions and a clear grasp of remedies! In the very act of proclaiming this, Socialists fail to comprehend that overdone materialism—the real basis of their philosophy—breeds the most vicious kinds of bigotry, since it excludes any true understanding of the mental and spiritual depths of man. Theological bigotry has had its terrors, but unmitigated economic bigotry threatens greater. "The real trouble with our party," declares a critic in a Socialist publication, "is that it lacks ideas," He demands "a new vision," but this is as far as he gets. Although he sees the insufficiency, if not the emptiness, of the party as it is, the materialistic concepts have been so drummed into him that he is unable to get a glimpse of what that vision might be.

Most of the idealists who have quit the Socialist party were altruists. They were devoted to ideas, and were not swayed by the indiscriminate aim for "practical power." Their concern was for the dissemination of a right and firm understanding of conditions. An inflated growth based upon expediency and the lure of office-holding did not appeal to them. Their attitude was open to revision as facts dictated. Often at much sacrifice of their own material interests they joined the Socialist party, led into believing that it was the world's one great worthy humanitarian movement. It was they who imparted earnestness, disinterested enthusiasm, fire, and vitality to the organization. Not for its own sake, but for their idea of what it promised, many of them unreservedly accepted the material dogma. Their vision was of a state of society in which, if guarantees of good subsistence were afforded to everybody, the human race, relieved of its sordid worries and conflicts, would ascend to noble heights of attainment and brotherhood.

The entrance of such men into the party was widely heralded, particularly of those having wealth or reputation. Now came the astonishing sight of a party in professed rebellion against wealth and its standards revealing itself as a worshipper of wealth and a truckler to it. Shortly after their admission some of these rich men were elected by this "proletarian party" to the National Executive Committee, the highest of its functioning bodies. One of them, finding himself thus suddenly exalted, was so amazed and disillusioned that he soon betook himself out of the party. Far from deprecating such a display of sycophancy, certain elements among what were called "the parlor Socialists" demonstrated by their conduct that no one can be so consummate a toady as the radical toady. But all self-respecting idealists were deeply distressed at seeing a professed "working-class party" imitate the worst of those "bourgeois methods" against which it had so insistently declaimed. Other seriously disquieting symptoms obtruded themselves. A party denouncing existing authority as tyrannical exalted its own intimidating inquisitional authority as sacred and supreme. A party fulminating against other political parties as machine ridden evolved a machine which in arbitrariness has exceeded all others.

The facility with which the German Socialist organization was delivered over to the Kaiser's military caste has, in the case of some idealists, been the final object lesson. A profound feeling of discouragement and disgust spread through them when they reflected that a philosophy which could not produce ordinary manhood in times of stress must be wofully deficient. They viewed with repulsion a party that, instead of representing what to them were the broad, fluent aims of its original founders, had sunk to a drivel of formulas and, led by incapables and often by impostors, had become a fraud and a hoax. They saw with astonishment the movement from which they had expected such great humanitarian results used as a powerful instrument by war lords in the scientific accomplishment of slaughter. For it was the adhesion of the Socialist party in Germany, they see, that made the Kaiser's Government and people so strong a unit in the preparations for war. To their shame they have had to admit that the much-rhapsodized movement is the only such movement known to the world which did not in the time of crucial test yield its willing martyrs. They found, to their further mortification, that Socialist leaders and their henchmen here in the United States were smugly asking why it was necessary to die to prove sincerity. The very act of self-sacrifice that might have greatly advanced their cause was absent when the need arose. It was lacking because the spirit of self-sacrifice is not compatible with a philosophy sodden with materialism.

The exit of the idealists has been accompanied by aspersions. If any queries have been made within the Socialist organization as to why they left, the invariable reply has been "for personal reasons." The departure of such adherents was at first viewed with indifference by leaders estimating losses solely by arithmetic. But now that the fact is everywhere known of the enormous defection in November, the leaders can no longer conceal the decay of their party. Yet if they can they will avoid any real diagnosis of the causes, and it is to this diverting performance that they are now diligently applying themselves.

GUSTAVUS MYERS

The Swiss Danger-Line

RUSKIN thought no spot on earth gave the eye so wondrous a play of light and color as the slopes of the Jura Mountains. That was Nature, but he also agitated himself for Man, and was one of the few of his class in England to speak kindly of France when she lay crushed and mutilated by Germany after 1870. The Jura, all the way up to Belfort, looking out over the Alsatian plain where that German invasion and occupation continue, might still carry on his thought to Nature—

> Where every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile.

That is to say, some men—for, as they used to drill us in logical formulas, all A is not all B, even though B is limited to A. This chain of the Jura is not ninety miles long, and separates Swiss plateaus from French plains all the way north to Belfort, which is the Gate of Burgundy coming from Alsace; and it has become a war-line of suspicion and danger.

Neutrality is more wonderful than nature, surely. When war suddenly exploded from a sky clear to unpenetrating Frenchmen, they found they had not fortified and scarcely taken common military precautions against possible armies invading them from Belgium and Luxemburg and Switzerland. They trusted to sealed and signed guarantees of neutrality, which one of the signers tore in scraps while other signers, to emphasize their neutrality, kept silence.

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The Swiss, perhaps, had not so robust a confidence. They mobilized before the belligerents themselves. But their fast and furious call to arms, rattling clangor of motor brakes and tramping hoofs of horses up and down Lausanne streets all that first night of August, 1914, seemed to lead everywhither and impartially—as if that were neutrality, even in self-defence.

The Swiss army is a militia and its soldiers, rugged like their Alps, have a civic sense of humor. They looked at their German-trained General Staff with amazement, and then with furtive laughter, when they found they had been marched in a hurry and set down threateningly along the score of miles of French frontier leading back from Basle. There they stood at arms, facing the customs' chalk line drawn across the grass, and two French gendarmes wonderingly rolled their cigarettes on the other side. Other detachments came thundering up to Martigny as if whole armies might invade see Switzerland on the little electric tram from Chamonix and Mont Blanc out of the "free zone" of French Savoy—that other guaranteed neutral region. Only in the last weeks of 1916 has Savoy, waiting more than two years and a half, for sake of unblemished neutrality, received into its appropriate summer hotels French wounded soldiers.

This, too, was not the end of these migrations of the Swiss militia, facing at all quarters possible and impossible foes of their neutrality. Over the Alps, into the Swiss Italian canton of Ticino, they hied, ready for Italy, who had not yet thrown up her Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria and was not for many months to "intervene" against them with the Allies.

In those stirring days, I had ample time to see the French frontiers of Savoy and the Jura. I am utterly unable to say how far impartiality, which may or may not be neutrality, led to an equally threatening mobilization along the ironclad German frontier facing Switzerland from Basle. Even now, impartiality does not allow it to be said whether it is from France or Germany that a violation of Switzerland's neutrality is to be feared. The only question is—Which invader is likely to try to penetrate the enemy country by crossing a corner of Swiss territory? In any supposition, the Jura line up to Belfort is full of suspicion and danger—and France, let us hope, has by this time more than her confiding gendarmes to face whatever may come, even with neutral Swiss soldiers in between.

Shadows of men of the past fall everywhere here with Nature's lights and shade. The old-time Gate of Burgundy has long been the coveted *Trouée* of Belfort—the breach opening France to invasion. Victory, says the Japanese strategist, comes to him who holds out a quarter of an hour longer than his adversary. Bismarck, in that last quarter hour of peace negotiations which consecrated his victory, did not hold out for Belfort against Thiers's passion of patriotism. To this day Germany has bewailed this ultimate defeat, unnoticed in 1871; and she is now suspected of willingness to use the corner of Switzerland to repair it. Having failed at Verdun, how shall she break into fertile undefended plains of France by rounding Belfort through some of these valley routes of the Jura?

By trampling over Switzerland as she did over Belgium, her armies might follow the opening of the Rhone-Rhine canal of days of peace. There the first Frenchman was killed at his home—Corporal Peugeot near Delle—by German cavalrymen who crossed the frontier before war had been declared. That same day they came to the farm of my friends on the road from Belfort to the Vosges Mountains, seized the sixteen horses and nine notable men of the village, and hurried all off to Germany. Only late in 1916 was my friend released from his prison camp, where one of the nine had died. All that, as the German Chancellor says, apropos of war beginnings in present conditions of peace, belongs to History—therefore let us not speak of it further.

Get into France and you come to Montbéliard, where a young workingman told me he had studied in his factory the make of American standardized automobiles. That was before war came to snatch him away to his death. German science has occupied itself with Montbéliard. First, it has found out that mediæval charters warrant spelling the name Mümpel or Mompel-Gard, whence it follows philologically that the place is German. Then, sober history tells how there were Counts of Montbéliard before the year 1000, and they belong to the house of Alsace—and is not Alsace German? Some are wicked enough to recall how, in that remote time, Germany was not Prussia and Prussia had not yet received Christianity or civilization, and that the county of Montbéliard came to France after many vicissitudes from Swedish conquerors. It ought to be high time now to let people speak for themselves. Belfort and Montbéliard are to-day more French than Paris because less cosmopolite; and we all know what Alsatians say when they are allowed to open their mouths.

Another inlet to France might be found by an invader crossing Swiss territory somewhere roundabout Pontarlier, which Swedes on the rampage also took two hundred and eighty years ago. Peaceful passengers know it now from the stop of express trains to and from Paris and Lausanne. Pass through its natural gateway and you enter the Swiss canton of Neufchâtel, which Prussians ought in consistency to claim as their very own. For it was an independent county after the year 1000, but seven hundred years later was inherited through females by Elector Frederick the Third, who was also first King of Prussia.

The Prussian kings held it till Napoleon snatched it away; but Prussia returned and kept this Swiss canton, as she now keeps Alsace-Lorraine, until the upheaving revolutions of 1848. There are precedents in history, after all.

Those who are patient may study the physical, which is also the military, geography of these Jura routes and speculate for a little longer which army may be able to invade what. If you go over from France, you pass one after the other vineyards and uplands and the mountain. Beyond is the Swiss upland, with its busy, bustling manufacturing towns—and a university. At the end of the Jura northward, you reach the south end of the Vosges Mountains, which Germany in our time made arbitrarily the limit of France, taking for herself the Alsatian plains. On either side of all these mountain ranges dwell inhabitants whose fathers were there before them a thousand and a thousand years.

Quo abiit Cæsar celsus Imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio?

Where goes the Kaiser in his Empire, west and east?
Where Dives went in splendor from his feast?

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, February 1

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The Virtuous Victorian

WHEN Miss Amy Lowell, in her essay on Émile Verhaeren, says that the influence of Zola on the younger writers of France and Belgium was necessary "to down the long set of sentimental hypocrisies known in England as 'Victorian,'" she repeats a formula which has been in popular use for many years, and to which we attach no very exact significance. "Early-Victorian," "mid-Victorian," we use the phrases glibly, and without being aware that the mental attitude to which we refer is sometimes not Victorian at all, but Georgian. Take, for example, that fairly famous sentiment about the British navy being, "if possible, more distinguished in its domestic virtues than in its national importance." Nothing more oppressively smug was ever uttered in the reign of the virtuous Queen; yet it was written by the most humorous and most pitiless of Georgian novelists, and it expressed the conviction of her soul.

When we permit ourselves to sneer at Victorian hypocrisies, we allude, as a rule, to the superficial observance of religious practices, and to the artificial reticence concerning illicit sexual relations. The former affected life more than it did literature; the latter affected literature more than it did life. A resolute silence is apt to imply or involve an equally resolute denial; and there came a time when certain plain truths were denied, because there was no other means of keeping them out of sight. Novelists and poets conformed to a standard which was set by the taste of their day. So profoundly was the great Victorian laureate influenced by this taste that he grew reluctant to accept those simple old English stories, those charming old English traditions, the propriety or impropriety of which had never been a matter for concern. His "fair Rosamond" believes herself a wedded wife, and so escapes culpability. His "Maid Marian" wanders through Sherwood forest under the respectable chaperonage of her father, and will not permit to Robin Hood the harmless liberties common enough among betrothed lovers.

> Robin, I will not kiss thee,
> For that belongs to marriage; but I hold thee
> The husband of my heart; the noblest light
> That ever flashed across my life, and I
> Embrace thee with the kisses of the soul.
> *Robin:* I thank thee.

It is a bit frigid and a bit stilted for the merry outlaws. "If love were all," we might admit that conventionalism had chilled the laureate's pen; but, happily for the great adventures we call life and death, love is not all. The world swings on its way, peopled by other men than lovers; and it is to Tennyson we owe the most splendid denial of domesticity—and duty—that was ever made deathless by verse. With what unequalled ardor his Ulysses abandons home and country, the faithful, but ageing, Penelope, the devoted, but dull, Telemachus, and the troublesome business of law-making! He does not covet safety. He does not enjoy the tranquil reward of his labors, nor the tranquil discharge of his obligations. He will drink life to the lees. He will seek the still untravelled world, and take what buffets fortune sends him.

> For my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

Poor Penelope! What chance has she against such glad decision, against such golden dreams! It is plain that the Ithacan navy was less distinguished than the British navy for the development of domestic virtues. Until such time as Germany fulfils her threat, and drives the "bastard tongue of canting island pirates" from its hold of the civilized world, Tennyson's Ulysses will survive as the embodiment of the adventurous spirit which brooks no restraint, and heeds no liability.

The great Victorian novelists were well aware that, albeit the average man does his share of love-making, he neither lives nor dies for love. Mr. Edmund Gosse, reared in the strictest sect of Plymouth Brethren, and professing religion at ten, was nevertheless permitted by his father to read the novels of Dickens, because they dealt with the passion of love in a humorous manner. More often they deal with it in a purely perfunctory manner, recognizing it as a prelude to marriage, and as something to which the novelist must not forget to make an occasional reference. Nicholas Nickleby is a young man and a hero. Consequently an assortment of female virtues and of female charms is labelled, docketed, provided with ringlets and a capacity for appropriate swooning—and behold, Nicholas has a wife. Kate Nickleby's husband is even more sketchily outlined. He has a name, and—we are told—an impetuous and generous disposition. He makes his appearance when a suitor is needed, stands up to be married when a husband is called for—and that is all there is of him. But what do these puppets matter in a book which gives us Mrs. Nickleby, Vincent Crummles, Fanny Squeers, and the ever-beloved Kenwigses. It took a great genius to enliven the hideous picture of Dotheboy's Hall with the appropriate and immortal Fanny, whom we could never have borne to lose. It took a great genius to evolve from nothingness the name "Morleena Kenwigs." So perfect a result, achieved from a mere combination of letters, confers distinction on the English alphabet.

The charge of conventionalism brought against Thackeray and Trollope has more substance, because these novelists essayed to portray life soberly and veraciously. "Trollope," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "was in the awkward position of a realist, bound to ignore realities." Thackeray was restrained, partly by the sensitive propriety of British readers who winced at the frank admission of sexual infirmities, and partly by the quality of his own taste. In deference to the public, he forebore to make Pendennis the lover of Fanny Bolton; and when we remember the gallant part that Fanny plays when safely settled at Clavering, her loyalty to her old friend, Bows, and her dexterity in serving him, we are glad she went unsmirched into that sheltered port.

The restrictions so cheerfully accepted by Thackeray, and his reticence—which is merely the reticence observed by every gentleman of his day—leave him an uncrippled spectator and analyst of the complicated business of living. The world is not nearly so simple a place as the sexualists seem to consider it. To the author of "Vanity Fair" it was not simple at all. Acting and reacting upon one another, his characters crowd the canvas, their desires and ambitions, their successes and failures, inextricably interwoven

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into one vast social scheme. It is not the decency of Thackeray's novels which affronts us (we are seldom unduly aware that they are decent), but the severity with which he judges his own creations, and his rank and shameless favoritism. What business has he to coddle Rawdon Crawley, "honest Rawdon," forsooth, to lay siege to our hearts with all the skill of a great artificer, and compel our liking for this fool and reprobate! What business has he to pursue Becky Sharp like a prosecuting attorney, to trip her up at every step, to betray, to our discomfiture, his secret and cold hostility! He treats Blanche Amory in the same merciless fashion, but for Blanche Amory no one cares. But Becky! Becky who stands peerless among the women of English fiction. Becky whose adventures have beguiled our weary hours, and rewarded us for learning to read. How shall we fathom the mental attitude of a novelist who could create such a character, follow her fluctuating fortunes, lift her to giddy heights, topple her to ruin, extricate her from the dust and débris of her downfall—and hate her!

Trollope, working on a lower level, observant rather than inspired, was less stern a moralist than Thackeray, but infinitely more cautious of his footsteps. He kept soberly in the appointed path, and never once in thirty years trod on the grass or flower-beds. Lady Glencora Palliser thinks, indeed, of leaving her husband; but she does not do it, and her continency is rewarded after a fashion which is very satisfactory to the reader. Trollope unhesitatingly and proudly claimed for himself the quality of harmlessness. "I do believe," he said, "that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some girls may have learned from them that modesty is a charm worth possessing."

This is one of the admirable sentiments which had better be left unspoken. It is a true word as far as it goes, but more suggestive of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," than of those virile, varied, and animated novels which make no appeal to immaturity. In Trollope's teeming world, as in the teeming world about us, a few young people fall in love and are married, but this is an infrequent episode. Most of his men and women, like the men and women whom we know, are engrossed in other activities. Once, indeed, Bishop Proudie wooed and won Mrs. Proudie. Once Archdeacon Grantly wooed and won Mrs. Grantly. But neither of these gentlemen could possibly have belonged to "the great cruising brotherhood of the Pilgrims of Love." "La culte de la femme" has never been a popular pastime in Britain, and Trollope was the last man on the island to have appreciated its significance. He preferred politics, the hunting field, and the church.

Yet surely Archdeacon Grantly is worth a brace of lovers. With what sincerity he is drawn, and with what consummate care! A churchman who, as Sir Leslie Stephen somewhat petulantly observes, "gives no indication of having any religious views whatever, beyond a dislike to dissenters." A solidly respectable member of provincial clerical society, ambitious, worldly, prizing wealth, honoring rank, unspiritual, unprogressive—yet a man. So much of a man that I would he were alive this day to prove his manhood in the hour of England's trial.

It is a testimony to the power of fiction that, having read with breathless concern and through countless pages Mr. Britling's reflections on the war, my soul cried out within me for the reflections of Archdeacon Grantly. Mr. Britling is an acute and sensitive thinker. The archdeacon's mental processes are of the simplest. Mr. Britling has winged his triumphant flight from "the clumsy, crawling, snobbish, comfort-loving caterpillar of Victorian England." The archdeacon is still confessedly a grub. Mr. Britling has "truckled to no domesticated God." The archdeacon's deity is open to such grievous innuendoes. Yet I would I could stand on the smooth lawn of Plumstead, and hear what the archdeacon had to say when he learned that an English scholar and gentleman had smuggled out of England, by the help of a female "confidential agent," a treacherous appeal to the President of the United States, asking that pressure should be brought upon fighting Englishmen in the interests of peace. I would I could hear the cawing rooks of Plumstead echo his mighty wrath. For there is that in the heart of a man, even a Victorian churchman with a love of preferment and a distaste for dissenters, which holds scatheless the sacred thing called honor. Trollope is as frank about the archdeacon's frailties as Mr. Wells is frank about Mr. Britling's frailties. In piping days of peace, the archdeacon's contempt for Mr. Britling would have been as sincere and hearty as Mr. Britling's contempt for the archdeacon. But under the hard, heroic discipline of war there would have come to the archdeacon, as to Mr. Britling, a white dawn of revelation. Both men have the liberating qualities of manhood.

It is always hard to make an elastic phrase fit with precision. Dates are unyielding, facts are intractable, literature is full of perversity. We know what we mean by Victorian conventions and hypocrisies, but the perpetual intrusion of blinding truths disturbs our point of view. The new Reform bill and the extension of the suffrage were hardy denials of convention. "The Origin of Species" and "Zoölogical Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature" were not published in the interests of hypocrisy. There was nothing oppressively respectable about "The Ring and the Book"; and "Laus Veneris" can hardly be said to have needed the fine corrective of Zola. These mid-Victorian products have a savor of freedom about them, and so have "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and Carlyle's plain-spoken "Frederick the Great." Even the Homeric eloquence of Ruskin was essentially the eloquence of the free. The two lessons it sought to drive home to his reluctant readers were, first, that Englishmen were not living on an illuminated earth spot, under the especial patronage of the Almighty; and secondly, that no one was called by Providence to the enjoyment of wealth and security. If these unpleasant and reiterated truths—as applicable to the United States to-day as they were to Victoria's England—are "smug," then Jeremiah was sugar-coated, and the Baptist an apostle of ease.

The English have at all times lacked the courage of their emotions, but not the emotions themselves. Their reticence has stood for strength as well as for stiffness. The pre-Raphaelites surrendered their souls docilely to every wavelet of feeling, and produced something iridescent, like the shining of wet sand. Love, according to their canon, was expressed with transparent ease. It was "a great but rather sloppy passion," says Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, "which you swooned about on broad general lines." A pre-Raphaelite corsair languished as visibly as a pre-Raphaelite seraph. He could be bowled over by a worsted ball; but he was at least more vigorous

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and more ruddy than a cubist nude. One doubted his seared conscience and his thousand crimes; but not his ability to walk unassisted downstairs.

The Victorian giants were of mighty girth. They trod the earth with proud and heavy steps, and with a strength of conviction which was as vast and tranquil as the plains. We have parted with their convictions and with their tranquillity. We have also parted with their binding prejudices and with their standards of taste. Freedom has come to us, not broadening down

from precedent to precedent,

but swiftly and comprehensively. There are no more taboos, no more silent or sentimental hypocrisies. We should now know a great many interesting details concerning the Marquis of Steyne and the Duke of Omnium, if these two imposing figures had not passed forever from our ken. We should have searchlights thrown upon Becky Sharp, if Becky had not escaped into the gloom. Her successors sin exhaustively, and with a lamentable lack of esprit. We are bidden to scrutinize their transgressions, but Becky's least peccadillo is more engaging than all their broken commandments. The possibility of profound tediousness accompanying perfect candor dawns slowly on the truth-tellers of fiction. It takes a great artist, like Edith Wharton, to recognize and deplore "the freedom of speech which never arrives at wit, and the freedom of act which never makes for romance."

AGNES REPPLIER

Correspondence

ARMENIAN RELIEF

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is to be hoped that every reader of the *Nation* has read the report, recently made public by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, of the statement of an eye-witness concerning the sufferings of the Armenian refugees exiled to northern Syria and Arabia. The only possible ray of comfort in a story of such inconceivable horror is that a part of this agony can be relieved by mere money. Money ought to be given freely and promptly and in large sums. Contributions should be sent at once to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Money so sent will go without loss or delay to the refugees for whom it is intended.

HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

Birmingham, Ala., January 10

POE AND "CHAMBERS'S"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In volume I of the "Virginia" Edition of Poe's works, as well as in other biographies, there is a positive statement that Poe's "The Purloined Letter" was reproduced before his death in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Courteous word has just been received from the present editor of *Chambers's* saying that a search of its files up to 1849 had failed to trace "The Purloined Letter."

The statement that Poe contributed to *Chambers's* doubtless originated with Poe himself, as did his alleged contribution to *Blackwood's,* concerning which I wrote you a few weeks ago. And in the one case as in the other I have faith that, though Poe's statement may not be strictly true, yet it contains at least a foundation of hope; and that further inquiry may bring to light traces of Poe's personal efforts to get publishers in Great Britain.

LEWIS CHASE

Madison, Wis., January 15

CONFESSIO NOMINIS NON EXAMINATIO CRIMINIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Herbert L. Stewart's arraignment of the "Southern View of Lynching" in the *Nation* for January 25 reminds one somewhat of Tertullian's famous complaint that in the trials of the Christians the Roman prosecutor was interested in the "confession of the name, not in the investigation of the crime." Mr. Stewart thinks he has found the "kernel of the lynching problem" when he asserts that the average Southerner is a self-confessed palliator of lynching in one form or another. Granting the truth of his "main thesis," that every Southerner is a potential lyncher, it is difficult to see how this throws very much light upon the problem. One might with the same compelling logic assert that the "kernel" of the drink evil in Scotland is due to the determination of the average Scot to have his whiskey and soda, or that the moral obtuseness of the average Englishman to the injustices of his social order has produced one of the largest pauper groups in Europe. The serious students of the lynching problem are not at all interested to show that this evil is due to the moral obliquity of the South. They are, however, deeply interested in understanding and in counteracting so far as possible the social, economic, political, or racial factors that make the crime of lynching possible, not only in the South, but wherever whites and blacks are thrown together under similar conditions. Mr. Stewart apparently belongs to that group whose main interest is to establish the barbarity of the section in which lynching occurs. The South has enjoyed fifty years or more of moral preachments of this sort, and it is difficult to see how they have in the least affected the situation. As a matter of fact, the Southern tendency to palliate the crime and to draw parallels with the criminal outbursts in the North, which Mr. Stewart regards as a confession of weakness, is the inevitable psychological result of the unsympathetic and largely unintelligent criticism to which the South has been subjected for half a century.

Now as to the constructive side, the *examinatio criminis,* what has Mr. Stewart to offer us? His final word seems at best to be but a confession of a moral *impasse.* "Given a self-governing state," he says, "where public sentiment on one special field is debased to the core, by what expedient shall even-handed justice in that field be secured? I admit that the answer is beyond me. The circumstances which preclude solution are precisely those without which the problem would not exist." One cannot help asking by what code of ethics Mr. Stewart condemns a section where public sentiment is "debased to the core"? Furthermore, how can there be a moral problem where there are "circumstances which preclude" its solution? Is this not equivalent to saying that, so far as lynching is concerned, the South is unmoral and therefore irresponsible? This state-

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ment reveals most effectively Mr. Stewart's lack of any sympathetic appreciation of the patient efforts of Southern leaders, especially college men, to create anti-lynching sentiment, and his ignorance of the exceeding difficulties that beset the relations of whites and blacks under free democratic institutions.

Being presumably a Britisher, Mr. Stewart might have drawn abundant material from the relations of whites and blacks under the English flag for a sympathetic and intelligent criticism of Southern conditions. He would have learned that the race relations in the South are strikingly paralleled by those in the Transvaal and the Cape Colony. The whites of South Africa objected just as strenuously to the entertainment of the Christian Prince Khama by the Duke of Westminster in London in 1895 as did the Southern whites to the dining of Dr. Booker T. Washington with President Roosevelt on October 16, 1901. He would have learned that in South Africa, just as in the South, the two races live entirely apart, the whites tolerating no equality with the blacks in either church or state. He would have learned also that acts of violence and oppression towards the ostracized black group paralleling those in the South are by no means uncommon. Facts such as these might have suggested that the problem is not so simple as it appears; least of all can it be settled off-hand by an appeal to *a priori* principles of right.

In the last analysis it is the sense of solidarity, the "consciousness of kind," that secures the equal enforcement of rights. The clanless man is the man without rights because he is outside the group. It may be seriously doubted whether complete justice can ever be secured in a social order split into two distinct groups by fundamental racial antipathies. "It is for this reason," as I have stated in another connection, "that the presence in Southern communities of a racially diverse and socially inefficient group, guilty occasionally of these terrible crimes against the white, subjects the instincts for law and order and the powers of self-control of the dominant group to a fearful strain. The situation can hardly be appreciated by the complacent critic who speaks from the midst of a community where racial homogeneity, the sense of social solidarity, and the intelligent and loyal recognition of social sanctions by all insure a self-poised social mind in the face of criminal outbursts and an almost automatic execution of the rights of the individuals concerned."

Generally speaking, would-be reformers of lynching and similar evils fall into two classes. The first, with fine moral sensibilities and stern conceptions of "Rhadamanthine justice," feels itself thoroughly outraged by these crimes and, possessing little detailed information, easily falls back upon the sweeping assumption that the community concerned is "debased to the core." The second group believes that human nature is much the same everywhere. When criminal outbursts such as lynching occur, it asks whether we may not have abnormal social conditions or whether the section concerned has not been the victim of political mal-administration and has not inherited unfortunate social traditions and unsolved problems for which it is not primarily responsible. From this group of reformers the future has much to expect; the first group has little to contribute, aside perhaps from a superabundance of well-meaning but often ill-informed moral enthusiasm.

JOHN M. MECKLIN

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 28

BOOKS

A State Constabulary

Justice to All: The Story of the Pennsylvania State Police. By Katherine Mayo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

THE most essential of all State functions, that of maintaining order, is yet imperfectly performed in most of our commonwealths, and in some, as a constant succession of newspaper reports of lynchings, mob outrages, strike riots, and other disturbances testifies, is very ill performed indeed. The general reliance is wholly upon local agencies for enforcing the peace, upon city police, constable, sheriff, and posse, with the militia in the background as a clumsy instrument for use in case of grave disorder. With Massachusetts now considering a measure for a State constabulary presented and recommended by a special commission, and with New York giving consideration for a second time to a similar bill, the outlook is bright for a wider reliance upon a well-trained State police force, such as can be quickly concentrated, will carry an impressive prestige with it, and will be independent of local influences and opinion. The need for forces of this kind is especially plain in the South. But at present Pennsylvania alone has a State police (in her case the word constabulary is a misnomer); the story of its work, which has carried admiration wherever known, is here told with accuracy, detail, and color.

Pennsylvania's State Police was born out of the year of the great anthracite strike, 1902, which wrecked the peace of seven counties, and, with widespread turbulence and bloodshed, laid the foundation for unexampled bitterness between capital and labor. Miss Mayo tells, somewhat dramatically, how the evident nature of two great needs joined to make the body a reality. In the first place, the report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the dispute, reflected the profound impression made everywhere by the evils which had grown out of the licensing of gunmen and other rough fellows as a Coal and Iron Police to be kept and used by the capitalists. In their lawlessness they had fomented the troubles that gave them employment. The Commission, blaming the State itself for much of the rioting, emphatically declared that "peace and order should be maintained at any cost, but maintained by regularly appointed and responsible officers . . . at the expense of the public." Again, Governor Pennypacker, who, as a farmer and representative of the farming regions, had long pondered upon the defencelessness of the country population from the wandering criminals poured by immigration over the State, had reached the conclusion that a State police was the only possible means of giving safety to the forty-four thousand square miles of rural Pennsylvania. He moved at once, and successfully, to have the Legislature of 1905 create a mounted police force of 228 men, and followed his approval of the act by the admirably non-partisan appointment of Captain John C. Groome, of the First City Troop of Philadelphia, as its Superintendent. The press of the country hailed the experiment with much interest.

The four troops were distributed over the regions of greatest criminality, which were the northern and southern halves of the eastern and western sections. The year 1906 brought Pennsylvania a full measure of industrial violence,

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and the police at once showed its stuff. Within a few weeks in the spring Troop D, at Punxsutawney, quelled a riot of ten thousand miners by its mere appearance; at Cornwall Ore Banks, when five hundred men had assaulted workmen and deputies, ten policemen of Troop C appeared, used their clubs on men who had drawn revolvers, and stopped the trouble; and at Fernwood Colliery a dozen men of Troop B not only dispersed an armed mob of Italian rioters, but went through the most troublesome settlement of colliery gangsters in the State, "Boston Patch," and confiscated a small arsenal of weapons. A little later Troop A had its opportunity. When Slavic strikers in Somerset County, chasing a deputy, were faced by officers who fired and killed four people, and more bloodshed seemed imminent, twenty troopers caught a train to the scene, put down the outbreak, made arrests, patrolled the streets, and searched for weapons. In these affairs and others of the same period the State Police fired no shots and seldom carried carbines. Yet in these first months the strength of union labor was arrayed, through the blindest prejudice, against what John Mitchell called "an attempt to incorporate a Russian institution in this country."

Since that time the State Police has gone on to make itself more and more indispensable. Occasions have not been wanting in which the men have had to give their lives for the State, as in the Pressed Steel Car strike at Schoenville, in 1909. But as a rule, the increasing awe with which the force is regarded, aided by its own adroitness, has protected it, and in many instances in which the regular police have fought pitched and bloody battles without cowing their assailants the State Police has restored order without difficulty. A notable instance occurred in the Philadelphia car strike of 1910, when 180 men of the force quelled disturbances which the city's 5,800 police and the State Fencibles, a militia organization, had entirely failed to control. The Philadelphia *Telegraph* naturally suggested that instead of increasing the force of municipal police, the city should arrange with the State to help support two new troops of State Police, to make Philadelphia their station. The question of what are the factors to which the State Police owes its extraordinary success, as compared with local agencies for keeping the peace, Miss Mayo answers only by implication. The men are picked with extreme care and put through a course of preliminary training which eliminates any one who has a hidden physical weakness, whose moral or physical courage would fail in any pinch, or whose enthusiasm for the service would not carry him cheerfully through days of dangerous service with little food or rest. They have a reputation for desperate daring that makes an adversary flinch; their uniforms and mounts are calculated to cow immigrants from southeastern Europe who are familiar with ruthless cavalry or hussars; and they have behind them the authority of the State, not of a mere locality.

What the farmers have gained is succinctly stated in opinions Miss Mayo has collected from a wide variety of rural sources. One man rejoices that the pest of chicken thieves is gone; another that the law forbidding the sale of liquor to the intoxicated is enforced; another that the tramps who robbed farms and terrified lonely women have fled; another that trespassing by unwelcome hunters has been ended; a fifth that gambling and brawling at county fairs is a thing of the past. Miss Mayo gives repeated instances of the swift catching of horse-thieves within a few days. The worst of the rural crimes is rape, and no incident of the book is of more interest than that telling of the astute detective work by which one member of the force ran to earth, after six months, a negro responsible for the death of a little girl. Farmers and others owning woodlands owe to the State Police the best protection against forest fires available, not merely because the men are expert fire-fighters, but because they can find and arrest those responsible for incendiarism. Merely casual acts of violence are also punished with a celerity that diminishes crime. The men can be reached by telephone or telegraph at any time, and by horse or train some of them can arrive at any spot in Pennsylvania within a few minutes or hours. Slowly the early hostility of labor leaders, we gather from Miss Mayo's pages, has been dissipated or modified. Irreconcilables there still are, but the realization is becoming wider that the State Police protect the striker from inexperienced or reckless special officers and from violence of his own that discredits union action. Those who once objected to the force on the ground of its probable costliness have been thoroughly convinced that it is one of the most truly economical branches of State government, as Miss Mayo's figures show. It is fairly safe to say that in a short time the only enemies of the State Police will be the criminals and vagabonds.

The organization and distribution of the force are carefully described by Miss Mayo, as are the means used to see that new recruits have the requisite native capacity and training. It will be plain to every reader that there is no reason why any State should not have a similar State police, and many reasons why all should. One addition might have increased the force of the volume as an argument: a list of the recent occasions, including such serious labor troubles as those in Colorado, in Michigan, at Paterson, N. J., and at Lawrence, Mass., and a number of the more deplorable lynchings in the South, in which a centrally controlled police might have been of value to the States concerned. But it is hardly necessary to recall these occasions to the public memory.

The Future of Canada

Canada's Future: What She Offers After the War. A Symposium of Official Opinion. Edited by E. A. Victor. The Macmillan Company of Canada. $1.50.

THIS symposium has been created by the simple process of asking various prominent Canadians—politicians, college presidents, journalists—to stand and deliver their views on various subjects on which they are supposed to be specialists. The subjects range from fly-fishing to banking, and from the work of the church to the future of the live-stock industry. No attempt has been made to harmonize or coördinate this multifarious material, or to present the general conclusions which may be drawn from it. None the less this "symposium," on account of its very diversity, is an interesting and instructive document to all who are students of what Tennyson called "that true North."

Most of the articles are concerned frankly with the material aspects of Canada's future. What is written about the soil, the climate, the undeveloped natural resources, smacks somewhat of "immigration literature," but Canadians still feel that they have not destroyed the popular delusion that their country is a land of everlasting snow and ice, a mere

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thin fringe of population along the northern border of the United States. The climate, with its stern extremes of heat and cold, favors the breed of manly men; there are vast areas of prairie land still to be occupied; and the wealth waiting to be tapped in forest, mine, and fishery is beyond reckoning. The basic industry is agriculture. Not only is the land fertile, but the people are taught scientific husbandry. Every province has its agricultural college and its experimental farm. The results were manifest in 1915, the year of plenty, when the total net product of the farms of Canada reached the amazing sum of one thousand million dollars, three hundred millions in excess of any previous year.

The articles bristle with statistics as convincing and overpowering as the prospectus of a new joint-stock company. Still they serve to show that the Canadians have learned the lesson of self-help. One of the features of the country is the inland seaport, the commercial metropolis of Canada, Montreal. Situated 180 miles from tidewater, it is, and must always be, Canada's most important distributing centre. In 1870, some parts of the channel in the St. Lawrence were barely twelve feet deep; now it has a minimum clearance of thirty feet, and is thoroughly lighted and buoyed from harbor to ocean. The tonnage entering and clearing aggregated three millions in 1910 and six and a half millions in 1915. The harbor of Montreal has been immensely improved. Its facilities include a floating dry dock, capable of accommodating the British super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth.

The present situation of Canada is remarkable. In spite of the war, in spite of the withdrawal of 400,000 men from peaceful industries, the country was never so prosperous. Six hundred factories are engaged in making munitions. There is a ready market for everything the farmer can grow, for all the lumberman can produce, for all the fisher can draw out of the sea. As the chairman of the Board of Munitions told the Ottawa Canadian Club, the country is "almost drunk with prosperity." There is the danger of reaction after the war; but, thanks largely to the Canadian banking system, by which a few organizations control the flow of credit, as a sluice the waters of a mill-dam, that danger is not excessive. The country is even now preparing for the necessary readjustment of industry. As the Finance Minister writes: "The existing burdens and disabilities . . . entailed by the war, though extremely heavy, are cheerfully borne. . . . Canada has overborrowed, over-built, and over-speculated, but is thoroughly sound, . . . and has learned much from past experience. Her progress hereafter will undoubtedly be very marked."

One curious fact about Canada's relation to Britain is that superficially Canada is completely Americanized. British institutions are freely criticised, and individual Englishmen are not popular. Still, when danger threatened the Empire, the deputed leaders never hesitated for a moment. The extraordinary meeting of Parliament in August, 1914, revealed the fact that the Canadian Government had hastened with its offers of help before the actual rupture with Germany, and had been held back, almost snubbed, by Sir Edward Grey up to the last moment, in the hope that the rupture would be averted. The official action of the Government received the hearty support of the people and the loyal assistance of the Opposition. In three months a force of 33,000 men was assembled, equipped, armed, drilled, and dispatched to Britain, an amazing feat of organization. The second year of the war saw more recruits coming to the colors than the first. Now the Government has attempted a systematic rally of every available man from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and may put into effect that clause of the Militia act which mobilizes unmarried men between eighteen and thirty for home defence. Canada has certainly shown no sign of wavering in the third year of the war, for all her 70,000 casualties and the prospect of a billion-dollar debt.

"Light as air, but stronger than iron," are the ties that bind Canada to the mother country. A more severe testing of that relationship is hardly possible. It is conceivable that Canada might have declared herself neutral, or confined herself to the defence of her own shores, but any Government suggesting such courses could not have lived for twenty-four hours. Equal partnership after the war is suggested by the peace conference of all the Premiers of the Empire in February. That a closer union of the component parts of the British Empire would make for the world's peace is beyond question.

An Archæological Novel

The Delight Makers. By Adolf F. Bandelier. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

HERE is a story of the class to which, in another field, novelists like James and Bulwer made many contributions in their day, designed to reflect the minds, manners, and methods of an earlier generation for the benefit of a later one. Its essential difference from these consists only in the lack, among its dominant human figures, of any that are individually familiar to us through chronicle or tradition. It is an historical romance, written with the aim of interpreting to our understanding the life and thought of an alien race in a remote era, through a medium more attractive to the ordinary reader than the most elaborate descriptions found in the encyclopædias. The actors in the story are the people who inhabited the pueblo Indian country of northwestern New Mexico before the Caucasian invasion. The traveller of to-day, if willing to separate himself for a little from the railways and other organs of modern civilization, can visit the Puye ruins and explore the queer caves hollowed out of the tufa cliffs, and possibly pick up a few minute chips of turquoise amid the sands surrounding one of the long extinct fireplaces, reviving in imagination the active scenes of Mr. Bandelier's book, and seeing Okoya and Mitsha and Hannay repeating in spectral form their parts in his moving picture.

No radical change seems to have come over this district since it was inhabited by a people who had made enough of a step upward towards civilization to have a social order with settled customs of its own. Who and what were they? What has become of them? Were they the ancestors of the Indians now in the neighborhood, or a separate race who vanished when their day was over? It was the life work of Bandelier to try to solve the questions which throng the mind of every one who visits the region; and out of his long study, pursued in the face of difficulties and privations that would have discouraged a man less lover-like in his devotion to his task, he contrived to reconstruct the fabric of this ancient society, its organization, its mode of self-sustenance, its form of government, its relations

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with other bodies, the habits and occupations of its members, their religious concepts, even their emotions and their speech—with how near an approach to perfection we can never hope to know, but with at least an appealing if not a convincing fulness.

The Delight Makers, about whom, after a fashion, the plot of the story is made to revolve, were a secret fraternity whose chief outward function was to afford entertainment for their fellows combined with certain elements of worship, but who cloaked with this pleasant front all sorts of sinister magical crafts, through which, according to a current superstition, they were able to throw a blight upon the fortunes of any who had given them cause for offence. There is a slender love strain threading the narrative, which could have been condensed within a small fraction of the space it occupies, but for the use the author has made of every incident to hang upon it a brief explanation giving it its proper ethnological bearings in the reader's mind.

The work before us is a quarter-century old. On its first publication it made little impression except upon serious students of archæology; they recognized its merits as a disguised compendium of learning, but the popular interest in it was so slight that it passed out of print, and only persons with the zeal of collectors were able to procure copies for their libraries at a considerable advance in cost. Now that its unique quality is more widely understood, it reappears in response to what seems to be a real demand. The present edition contains a brief memorial tribute from the author's old friend who was his campmate on his exploring ventures, Charles F. Lummis, and is illustrated with a number of photographic reproductions of scenery and portrait-types which, though of very recent origin, lend a certain realistic savor to the text.

A Humanistic Philosopher

From the Human End, a Collection of Essays, and *Philosophers in Trouble,* a Volume of Stories. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net each.

THESE titles represent two very suggestive volumes by the editor of the *Hibbert Journal.* The suggestiveness of the essays makes the question of their analysis peculiarly difficult, for the essay form is here used as a convenient medium through which to express a great variety of opinions on as great a variety of themes. Thus the author has vigorous opinions and feelings with respect to morality, both in the ideal and in the actual; with respect to war, whether war "in general" or the present war; with respect to wealth, in both its positive and its negative influences; with respect to science and its possibilities of guidance towards a better condition of human well-being, as well as towards a reversion of man's moral purposes in the direction of subservience to ideals of an ever lower order.

But all these motives the author gathers together under the idea of the "cult of mechanism"; and it is from this as a point of departure that he evinces a keenness of appreciation of modern human and social conditions quite unusual in contemporary thought. An appreciation rigorously critical, but never really bitter or sarcastic—leaving, of course, a bit of freedom to the Englishman on the subject of Germany—and withal good-natured and "grateful for past blessings," is a rare thing in this day of carping *tu quoque* argumentation about human relations. And appreciation is the word rather than criticism, if the latter term must mean the cold analytic dissection of what God hath joined together, to which scientific method seems to commit us. In fact, in the volume on "Philosophers in Trouble" the æsthetic interest seems at times to flout the scientific, as if to raise the question whether certain defects in human relations were not analyzable at all, but were merely matters of bad form, to be disposed of on a basis of fundamental feeling. Because the subject is broad and general the argument is long and tortuous, and not always consecutive. The title of the first volume, "From the Human End," expresses the demand that, in a civilization which is constructed on a basis of impersonal law and in which "mere things" are the only recognized realities or values, we should return to consider the human individual as the criterion of worth.

The criticism of current moral thought is directed not only upon its content, but also upon its method. So highly developed, so successful and "efficient" has the scientific method become of late that it has come to be regarded as possible to carry over its rigid exactitude into the sphere of the moral will. The result is that moral thought has become exact and logical, the proper product of "expertness" which assumes a "benevolent tyranny" over the inexpert—those who want merely to live fully and successfully—and which forces down their throats a system of reform whose law is a primitive "thou shalt." As opposed to this the author suggests the humanist method, which is characterized by eccentricity, generosity, and good-will. Under the influence of this principle the "expert" will kindly forego the reform of the masses until the masses have expressed a positive wish to be reformed; and when the reform is required, men will set about it in a natural and dramatic way, skeptical of all government as reformer, whose interest they suspect to be to reform them into the instruments of its own mechanical purposes. What the author calls the "humanist prayer" will very well state the difference between the methods: "From all enumerations of the brethren, from all that reduces them to an average or adds them up into a mass, from all statistics of the saved and the lost, from all Government returns of virtue and vice, from all that measures our happiness in solid blocks or weighs it in tons avoirdupois—good Lord deliver us; and help us to know each son of man not by his number but by his Name" (p. 3). With regard to the content of current morality the author is equally skeptical. The commonly accepted attitude is that morality must hold the doctrine of ends, in which ends are popularly conceived to be "far-off divine events" exclusively in the future. This is the expression of the "eschatological spirit" in its popular form; but the mere assumption that the direction of progress is towards a far-off divine event does not satisfy the author, who insists that we "want to be assured that the *rate* of the movement is also right" (p. 46).

In the work under discussion the interest in the problem of wealth has reference to its contribution to human happiness or well-being considered as moral. Several essays contribute to this topic, among which the most important are entitled "The Project of a New Labor Party," "The Gardener *Versus* the Garden," "The Tyranny of Mere

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Things," "Materialism and Industrialism," "A Drifting Civilization," and "The Wealth of Nations as a Cause of War." As properly considered in a discussion of a moral or political kind wealth has two distinct meanings: we may think of it as the process of producing things of value, or we may think of it as a product whose benefits are to be enjoyed. It is in the first sense that we think of wealth and industry as the guarantee of peace. When men are employed in the production of useful things there is slight cause for strife, and the difficulties that do arise between capital and labor can all be avoided by recognition of the principle "that every man shall enjoy the day's work, and a good article come out at the end of it" (p. 62). This statement is laid down as the fundamental principle in the essay on "The Project of a New Labor Party." There is no doubt that from the point of view of the pure theory of the state the motto has much to recommend it; in fact, the same idea has in one form or another dominated political thought since Plato first gave it expression in the "Republic." But the question as to *how* such a divine arrangement is to be worked out is just as old, and, so far as the author's statement goes, is still open. It is somewhat disappointing, when the author finds efforts at social reform worthy of no more notice than an occasional good-natured twit simply because they fail in method, to see that he has himself only an abstraction to offer. An abstraction is no less abstract because it is stated in simple words. Of what consequence is our principle that every man shall enjoy the day's work before we have provided that every man shall do some useful work? It is certainly true that society is glutted with a surplus of wealth product; but is it not also just as true that the social organism is matted thick with a surplus of human product in the form of persons who have no legitimate function?

The author's criticism of the state would hold that the abnormal development in population, wealth, and knowledge, or the results of positive science, has brought about a centralization of authority which is contrary to human nature. All our problems are psychological and human, and our mistake is that we are, in social affairs, attempting to solve them by the principle of mere things. We are trying to solve the problem of wealth by making a "just distribution" of what by nature may be unjust; whereas, "when human life is on a wrong basis the most that legislation can effect is a more equitable distribution of the resulting evils" (p. 64). The wrong basis is suggested in the fact that "the economic development of mankind has outstripped the moral development" (p. 143). With regard to the positive form of the better state, the author conceives the "possibility of a new social science which would invert the established order by attacking all its problems from the human instead of from the mechanical end" (p. 121). The new order would be built on the principle of quality rather than quantity.

Similar motives dominate the volume on "Philosophers in Trouble." The central theme of the essays herein contained may be stated as the difficulty of interpreting the values of the intellectual life in terms of the practical exigencies of the life of conduct. Four of the six "stories" have appeared previously in various journals. The personal problem involved in squaring the intellectual interests with the instincts which control action appears in two of the essays as a religious conflict, and the solutions offered represent the two possible modes of reconciling intellect and religion. In the one case—the title is "Not Convincing; or, The Rejected Article"—the biography of the hero describes a young man whose early training had led him to attempt to force his intellectual interests into the forms of religion; the result being the abandonment of all intellectual effort, the acceptance of life with all of its obligations as a "fiction," and the attainment of peace only in one of the "various new religions which have recently come into existence in the United States." The intellect abdicates in favor of irrational feeling. In the other case, which is also a biography, George Marsh, "A Psychologist Among the Saints," as the title characterizes him, is introduced as a boy of normal character and capacities growing up in the midst of a highly respectable and cultured family. All goes well until the family and the minister discover that George should be manifesting some evidence of conversion. How to get converted then becomes the outstanding problem of his life. The purpose is never fulfilled, in spite of the fact that the psychologist becomes famous through the discovery of the laws of conversion, until a final death-bed reflection convinces him that the relation between religion and intellect is one expressing natural harmony.

Two other essays attack the political problem, and from an angle slightly different from that represented in the earlier volume. One emphasizes the critical hesitancy and caution which characterize the more intellectual governing class, the other parades rather crudely before the reader the ignorance and cupidity of the governed, and at the same time affords the author an opportunity to pay his respects to socialism. As a travesty on the deliberations of any "learned" and "respectable" body, "A Tragedy of Parliament" certainly carries its point; but any one who knows human nature from the ground up will see in "The Poor Man's Pig" a confusion of the sense of being wronged with ignorance and cupidity, suggesting that the author is not yet quite free from subscription (unconsciously, it may be) to the dogma of perversity.

Domestic Architecture in Greece

The Greek House: Its History and Development from the Neolithic Period to the Hellenistic Age. By Bertha Carr Rider. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.25.

THE general reader should not be repelled by the fact that this book is a thesis approved for the degree of Doctor of Literature in the University of London, for it is not, like many doctor's dissertations, a minute investigation of a recondite subject, but an attempt, and a very successful one, to bring together and to discuss briefly the evidence for the forms of domestic architecture in Greece. It is true, as Miss Rider states in her preface, that although many important articles bearing on various aspects of this subject have been published in recent years, nothing in the shape of a continuous history has appeared. It was time, therefore, that some one should undertake the task of sifting and summarizing this mass of material and presenting the results in compact and readable form.

This Miss Rider has done acceptably, and she has given a certain unity to the whole by trying to prove that from the Stone Age to the Hellenistic period the dominant type in Greece was the house with a single courtyard and with the principal room standing isolated on its northern side.

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For this theory she makes a plausible case, though she admits, as every fair-minded critic must, that there is a great gap between the Mycenæan palaces and the second-century houses of Priene and Delos, and that the scanty evidence available for the fifth and the fourth centuries does not in all respects support her contention.

The principal value of the book, however, lies not in its advocacy of a theory, but in the excellent summary which it presents of a large special literature, mostly scattered in periodicals. It will probably be a shock to the older generation of Hellenists to find in a book on the Greek house 165 pages devoted to the remains of the ages of stone and bronze, 44 to the Homeric palace, and only 58 to the houses of the fifth to the second century B. C. Yet this proportion fairly represents the discussions of the past fifteen years, in which the relics of a prehistoric period have occupied a much more prominent place than those of the historic age. The interesting problem of the relation of the Minoan and the Mycenæan palaces to the Homeric palace naturally comes in for considerable discussion and is clearly set forth. Miss Rider follows the trend of recent opinion in holding that the mainland type of palace, such as is best seen at Tiryns, agrees in its principal lines with the palaces described in the poems, and that the older conception of the Homeric palace, which postulated a separate women's quarter behind the great megaron, must be given up. So, too, she argues, the generally received theory that the house of the historic period normally consisted of two courts with rooms about them—one, the andronitis, devoted especially to the men; the other, the gynæconitis, given over to the women—does not accord with the evidence of excavations or with many of the allusions to the house in Greek literature.

All these contentions are fortified by copious references to original documents, as is proper in a thesis. These might, perhaps, have been made clearer by a list of abbreviations. Miss Rider shows the specialist's fondness for technical terms, which may occasionally prove an obstacle to the non-professional reader. On the whole, however, the book is extremely well written, and shows a feeling for English style which is none too common in doctoral dissertations.

We must register one protest—against the price of the book, which seems excessive for a volume of this size, illustrated only with line cuts. Is the "high cost of reading" to be added to the other hardships of living in these parlous times?

In Four Dimensions

Creative Involution. By Cora Lenore Williams. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

MR. KNOPF has evidently resolved to acquaint the public with what we may expect when the world enters into those delectable regions which require four dimensions of space. Apparently our troubles arise because we have only length, breadth, and thickness; give us a fourth dimension, although we have not the least idea what it might be or what we might be, and we shall be good and happy. Miss Williams, like Mr. Claude Bragdon, whose book was reviewed in these columns, is badly hampered by space and time. She prefaces her sermon with this plaint: "While we cry, 'All's wrong with the world,' and question if God's in His heaven, new truths knock at the portals of thought, knock and go unheeded—so intent are we upon holding to what of good we have."

The times are, indeed, fearful and it was never more necessary for men to face the issues sternly and to try to bring order out of chaos. But if wisdom, from science or from any other source, is to rule, it is no time for idle moaning about our unescapable restrictions. There is an abundance of freedom in three dimensional space, and what we need to do is to set in order our consciences, which have no relation to space dimensions.

Such books as this can only do harm, and harm of the worst sort, for they urge us to throw off restraint and they diminish our ability to distinguish between what we can and what we cannot know. For example: Mr. Edwin Markham is pleased to write an introduction, and just see what nonsense he turns up when he hoes in these fields of four dimensions: "The spirit of the book is gladdened by breezes from Hyperspace, and the large vision of it expands and squares our 'three-cornered' world, which is only the surface of the four-dimensional universe. As we turn these daring pages, we seem to be caught up by cosmic currents —the eternal currents that appear to move through all things toward some higher issue, some diviner evolution. . . . It is more than a philosophy: it is an evangel, an apostolate." Brave words and high praise, but nonsense! Mr. Markham has not the faintest conception of what is meant in mathematics by Hyperspace, and his "cosmic currents" remind one irresistibly of Mr. Don Marquis's "Hermione"!

Now what Miss Williams really does is to write a few short chapters on the hypothesis that man was evolved from lower forms of life, has reached his present still undesirable condition, and may by involution become a part of the universe-soul. This Bergsonian and living universe, Miss Williams feels, must inhabit Hyperspace; and her conception of its nature is nothing in this world but an hysterical emotion.

> You have passed [she writes] into the fourth dimension of spatial realization. "Time is past," you shout aloud, and laugh to find yourself in the inside of externality. Cubism in architecture! Futurism, in very truth! You visit again the galleries of the New Art, in earnest desire for enlightenment as to this thing which is so near to consciousness and yet so far! As you gaze at the portrayal, strangely weird in form and color, you ask yourself, "Where have I felt that, seen this, before?" Immediately you are transported in memory to the midst of a crowded street. In the mad bustle and noise you are conscious only of mechanical power; of speed—always of speed. Your voice far away—"The child, oh, the child!" A swooning sensation! Men's faces as triangles, and horses with countless feet! The chaos of primal forces about you—then darkness! As the past fuses with the present you awaken to a larger privilege of life than man now knows.

Not all of Miss Williams's book is as bad as this: at the end of each chapter she has added a number of quotations, most of which are worth collecting. But it is curious that Miss Williams cannot see that instead of being a support, the following quotation from Kant is a condemnation of just such books as hers: "If it is *possible* that there are developments of other dimensions of space, it is also very *probable* that God has somewhere produced them. For His works have all the grandeur and variety that can possibly be comprised."

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Notes

HARPER & BROTHERS announce for publication today "The White People," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The New Life," by Samuel McComb, and "Confessions of a Social Secretary," by Corinne Lowe.

"The War, Madame," by Paul Géraldy, and "Bringing Out Barbara," by Ethel Train, will be published shortly by the Scribners.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces as forthcoming "At Suvla Bay," by John Hargrave.

Robert M. McBride announces for publication in the near future "The Hand of Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer; "Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the Man and the Kaiser," by Edward Lyell Fox, and "A Dominie Dismissed," by A. S. Neill.

A translation of Theodore Duret's "Whistler," by Frank Rutter, and "Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners," by Sonia E. Howe, a supplementary volume to the author's "A Thousand Years of Russian History," will be published shortly by J. B. Lippincott Company.

MARCH publications announced by Frederick A. Stokes Company are as follows: "Kiddies," by J. J. Bell; "Children of Fate," by Marice Rutledge; "The Created Legend," by Feodor Sologub; "Janus and Vesta," by Henchara Branford; "Mysteries of the Flowers," by Herbert Faulkner; "Psychical and Supra-Normal Forces," by Paul Joire; "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," by G. E. Mitton; "Trout Lore," by O. W. Smith.

Little, Brown & Company announce the following for publication on February 24: "Limpy, the Boy Who Felt Neglected," by William Johnston; "Our Next Door Neighbors," by Belle K. Maniates; "Health and Disease: Their Determining Factors," by Dr. Roger I. Lee; "Dunsany the Dramatist," by Edward Hale Bierstadt; "Fifty-one Tales," by Lord Dunsany; "Mogu the Wanderer," by Padraic Colum; "Three Welsh Plays," by Jeannette Marks; "The Contemporary Drama of England," by Thomas H. Dickinson, and "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland," by Ernest A. Boyd.

The Putnams announce as forthcoming shortly Volume XIV of the Cambridge History of English Literature, "The Nineteenth Century." Publications of this firm announced for appearance during February include "François Villon—His Life and Times (1431-1463)," by H. De Vere Stacpoole; "Business Competition and the Law," by Gilbert Holland Montague; "The Fight for the Republic," by Rossiter Johnson; "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and Her Sons," by Eric S. Robertson, and "Euripides and the Spirit of His Dramas," by Paul Decharme. Representing the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce the following: "Elementary Physics for Engineers," by J. Paley Yorke; "Gringoire," by Theodore de Banville, edited by A. Wilson-Greene; "From Gerson to Grotius, 1414-1625," by John Neville Figgis; "Biennium Latinum," by T. C. Weatherhead, and "First Rules for Latin Prose," by the same.

AN important service has been done the medical profession by the Prudential Insurance Company of America in its publication of an exhaustive treatise upon "The Mortality from Cancer Throughout the World," by its statistician, Frederick L. Hoffman. While the problem of cancer remains one of the most perplexing in medicine, surgery, and statistics, the menace of the disease appears to be growing throughout the civilized world. Dr. Hoffman is of the opinion that the evidence of such growth is now overwhelming. Yet though the deaths from cancer exceed 80,000 yearly in the United States, he points out that there is still a deplorable amount of indifference to the disease, and that a considerable proportion of the mortality is directly attributable to public ignorance and neglect of the known means of reducing such death-rate. In successive chapters he treats of what he regards as the proof of an increase in cancer, of the mortality from cancer in various occupations, and of the precautions against it proper in the lead, rubber, chemical, and other industries, of the geographical incidence of cancer throughout the world, of the data on the frequency of cancer in American States and in foreign countries, and of cancer as a problem in life insurance. All available figures bearing upon the disease are carefully marshalled and analyzed under these headings, or in a bulky series of appendices. A good index makes all the information easily available.

FOR nearly half a century one of the most touching figures in England has been the widow of Napoleon III, who on the 5th of May, 1916, celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Though she belongs to an age that is gone, her acts of kindly generosity, such as her turning her home at Farnborough Hill into a hospital for the wounded, have reminded the world that the most brilliant figure in the Second Empire still survives. Edward Legge, who has long had an intimate acquaintance with and sentimental admiration for the Bonapartists, has collected much miscellaneous information of a trivial character about them in "The Empress Eugénie and Her Son" (Dodd, Mead; $3 net). It is an ill-arranged farrago of personal recollections, genealogical data, obituary remarks, clippings from newspapers and books, and attempts to set aright bits of gossip which historians have not taken seriously for many a day.

IN "The Physical Basis of Society" (Appleton; $2 net) Professor Kelsey has sketched "the physical background of life, the relation of the organism to its environment, the question of heredity, and the general idea of evolution as applied to human beings and the development of social theory." This is the sort of thing which Mr. Kelsey thinks the beginner in sociology ought to have surveyed before he is ready to study on with intelligence; and evidently his classes have taken to it satisfactorily. With this theory we find ourselves in heartiest accord. It is high time for sociology to get its feet on the ground of solid fact and of definite and verified scientific knowledge. Every sociologist who lifts his voice in favor of a sound basis for his science, in verified fact, and who thereby sets himself in opposition to the various brands of dithyrambic sociology, is a benefactor of the race. Mr. Kelsey seems to feel that he must defend himself against the charge of lack of originality, or even of plagiarism. He need not. For years we have had the fetish of research in our midst. It was of German origin, and is not quite so reverend a godlet as it was aforetime. During the period when the mimetically inclined were engaged in genuflecting before its shrine, it was more healthy to be a grubber after the minutest par-

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ticle of the hitherto unknown or forgotten—no matter how pathetic its uselessness or vapidity—than to digest and interpret what had already been found out. But it looks now as if that craze, having fulfilled its function of calling attention to an important and indispensable duty of any scholar, namely, to strive as he best can to add something exact to the sum of human knowledge, were on the decline. In any case, there is now a respectable body of his colleagues who will understand perfectly what Mr. Kelsey is trying to do, and will applaud him for it. Nor is any excuse needed for quoting and summarizing "secondary authorities" of the order of Andrew D. White and August Weismann. Our only criticisms of the book would be as to its probable effectiveness in realizing the sound aims of the author. The chief objection on this score is that there is too much too briefly treated. There is, at times, a sense of hurrying from point to point, too fast for the novice to hold his bearings. There are masses of facts here which are unquestionably useful as a basis for understanding the setting of human life, but which are not so vital or pertinent as are other masses; or, at any rate, are not so immediately relatable, for the young beginner, to social life. Doubtless it is contemplated that a series of explanatory lectures or comments shall accompany the reading of this text; that would, in our opinion, be absolutely necessary, if the beginner is not to be lost amidst detail. At the same time, in the biological chapters, for example, if the student is supposed to have had a course in general biology, probably a good deal of what is here presented might be already familiar. Doubtless, in a book of this sort, there is every chance of falling betwixt and between. It has, however, substantial stuff in it and is well written and attractively printed. Besides being useful, it ought to be popular with the student and also with the general reader.

LIKE its predecessors in the Highways and Byways series (Macmillan; $2 net), the Rev. C. H. Dick's "Galloway and Carrick" is written *con amore* and with ample knowledge of the locality. And the illustrations, by Hugh Thomson, show that master's usual cunning in catching the sentiment of a hillside or old building. The literary associations of this region are comparatively meagre, and Mr. Dick was at a disadvantage in this respect with the authors of some of the earlier volumes; but he has made up in discreet personal enthusiasm for the limitations of his material. We have more than once commented on the really extraordinary uniformity of excellence maintained by this series.

FOUR essays by Paul Vinogradoff make up a little volume entitled "Self-Government in Russia" (Dutton; $1.25 net). Beginning with an historical introduction, the author sketches the political evolution of the Russian Empire from the great transformation which began with the accession of the Romanoffs and gained impetus in the reign of Czar Peter down to the rush for liberties in the years following the Japanese War and preceding the present European crisis. The great currents of Russian political life during all these generations are charted by the author with sure knowledge. No living man has a firmer grasp upon the political history of the Russian people or could display greater skill in making it clear, within such brief compass, to English readers. There follows a description of Russian government as it has been and as it is to-day, the rise of the Zemstvos and the establishment of the Duma, with a clear and non-technical exposition of Russian methods of local government. Accompanying this progress of self-government, Vinogradoff points out, there has been a great advance in provision for elementary education throughout the empire and a chapter is devoted to the topic. The progress recorded here is astonishing. During the five years from 1907 to 1912, for example, the expenditure for all forms of public instruction in Russia more than doubled. Yet the goal of universal compulsory education is not yet reached. Finally, there is an interesting discussion of Russian self-government in relation to the war, with an enthusiastic tribute to the loyalty and the work of the Zemstvos or district assemblies in helping to mobilize the vast resources of the empire. The author hopes that the continued sweep of this spirit of national solidarity after the war will initiate a new creative period in Russian political history. The book is written in vigorous style and should prove of great interest to every student of governmental institutions.

FAIRLY and fully anticipating the critic who will incline to point out the things that he has left undone, Prof. Algernon Tassin, in his preface to "The Magazine in America" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net), declares that "the author has not undertaken the business of the genuine historian." He has not been interested primarily in exact information. As to magazine proprietors, editors, contributors, and readers he "frankly confesses that his interest lies rather in hearing what people have thought of themselves and of each other than in the absolute facts at the bottom of their opinions." After so explicit a warning the reader will search for exact data at his own risk. A reading of the volume makes him hope that the "genuine historian" is somewhere at work, and somewhere near to publishing; but one cannot blame Professor Tassin for not doing the thing that he never intended to do. "The Magazine in America" suffers, however, from the defects of its method as well as from the limitations of its point of view. The writer who chooses to be atmospheric, and to deal with "colorful" fundamental truth, need not be blithely carefree as to explicitness and accuracy. He may well throw a sop to the Cerberean fact-hunter by including dates, places, and first names where they will not too greatly disturb his sentence rhythms; by supplying a proper index—if necessary from the hand of some graduate student whose soul would profit in the exercise—and even by conceding a little appendix material. And the writer who is capable of sailing jauntily over the surface of a broad subject should be careful neither to career off the course before the wind of his own rhetoric, nor to get caught in the mud flats of slipshod writing. People who set truth too high above fact are all too liable to such writing as this: "It is possible that each new editor, with before him examples of constant failure, hoped to make some money (if he did, he spent it at once on enlargement), and certainly he expected to pay expenses." Or this: "One cannot get so far back in literature that he fails altogether to hear that there is now a mob of gentlemen that write with ease." Yet, granting these very marked blemishes, the book is a welcome contribution. It is the first really com-

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prehensive survey of a rich and neglected field. Though it emphasizes the need of more, and different, and in some respects better work on the subject, even as it stands it is the best thing of its kind thus far written. It succeeds in doing what it set out to do, in giving a running account of the drift of American literary activity in magazinedom—quite the best index to what the vague literary public were thinking about from decade to decade. It traces this drift in terms of periodical enterprises in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, the South, and the West. It shows what, in the estimation of the publishers, the public wanted; and, apparently without explicit design, throws incidental question as to the selling value in the open market of the best that America has produced. For all these reasons general readers will enjoy its genial pages, and students and librarians will do well to take account of them.

"I AM like the road in the night listening to the footfalls of its memories in silence," says Rabindranath Tagore in his latest collection of poems, and if the silence of this Oriental is of the voluble variety so much practiced by Carlyle, his utterances, to say the best of them, have something of the elusive delicacy of memories of moral experiences out of a remote past. His latest volume, from which the quotation above is taken, contains three hundred and twenty-six brief ejaculations, prose couplets one might call them, gathered under the title of "Stray Birds" (Macmillan; $1.50).

THE NATION

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published and owned by the
NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President. JOHN PALMER GAVIT, Sec. and Treas.

EMIL M. SCHOLZ, Publisher.

Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, Box 794, New York, Publication Office.

LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent Street, S. W.
WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building
CHICAGO OFFICE: 332 South Michigan Avenue
BUENOS AIRES OFFICE: Lavalle 341

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THOSE who agree with Helen Nicolay that we Americans "take our history too seriously," or that the subject, as taught in the schools, "is frankly a bore, made up of dates that refuse to stay memorized, and names triple-plated against imagination and as hard to connect with real life as it is to believe that mummies in a museum ever breathed and walked," will enjoy the author's latest book, "Our Nation in the Building" (Century; $2.50 net). Here one may read, in a vivacious narrative brimful of anecdote and incident, and with no forbidding structure of political or constitutional discussion to molest or make afraid, how some, at least, of the American people lived in the first seventy years or so of the republic. One gathers the impression that the people whom Miss Nicolay is chiefly concerned with were entirely human, as befits a community which has plenty to eat and wear, much hard work to do, and a rather limited range of "interests" and "causes" to think about, and that life before the Civil War was, on the whole, very agreeable; which is, apparently, the impression which the author wishes to convey. The text shows praiseworthy industry and skill in the choice of material and a genuine enthusiasm for whatever is good and wholesome in American annals. If there are still schools in which the preaching of American history is the dreary business which Miss Nicolay laments, we cordially commend her book to them, as well as to the "general reader," for whom, we suppose, it is rather more directly intended.

Notes from the Capital

The President's Eyes

BEHIND all the activities of the President in the present international crisis has stood, not so obscured by the shadows as to escape the observation of the watchful, a smallish, soberly dressed gray man with a slender figure, a long, narrow face, cautious eyes, a high forehead, sparse hair and a close-cropped moustache, under which the lower lip clamps tight against the upper, as if the mouth were shut with a purpose. You might pass him twenty times in the street without noticing him, and the only thing which would attract your attention to him indoors probably would be the atmosphere of quiet in which he is enveloped. He is practically noiseless in his movements—not sly or furtive, but simply noiseless—as if he had formed in his childhood the habit of doing things in the way which would cause the fewest needless collisions and the least jar; and, except to ask questions, he rarely lets fall a word among strangers. This is the man whom one European journalist has dubbed "the sphinx in the soft felt hat," another "the dumb missionary," a third our most accomplished expert "in the delicate art of saying nothing," and a fourth "the friend, inspirer, boss, and *alter ego* of President Wilson," and of whom the President himself has playfully said: "He is my eyes." To the great body of Americans who know him chiefly through the newspaper headlines describing him as in conference at the White House, as "Colonel House of Texas," he is about as much of a mystery as to the foreign commentators.

There is nothing really mysterious about Edward Mandell House except his military title, which another Texan tells me was thrust upon him by a former Governor of

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their State who appointed him an aide-de-camp on his staff without so much as asking leave. Had House been consulted, there is abundant reason to believe he would have declined to serve, as it is a sort of religion with him to hold no offices, belong to no societies, attend no conventions, take no part in public meetings, and generally to efface his personality as far as possible, so as to have the more of himself to throw into whatever work he has undertaken to do. More than one Governor of Texas has owed his elevation to the shrewd and unadvertised tactics of Colonel House, and President Wilson has leaned upon him constantly in the gravest emergencies. In this relation, House has played the part not only of eyes, but of ears. He has done the moving about, the seeing and hearing which the President could not possibly do. When the President announces that what he is trying to accomplish is the interpretation into fact of the thoughts and wishes of the voiceless multitude, it is House who is acting as his medium for learning what those thoughts and wishes are. Whether the voiceless multitude has always the wisest judgment in public affairs may be open to question; but that House has actually found out what that judgment is, and conveyed it honestly to the President, may as fairly be inferred from the result of last November's national election. And beyond a doubt the utterances of the President in his notes to the belligerent Powers and his recent addresses to Congress were outgrowths of House's reports to him of the state of the popular mind abroad, as distinguished from the official mind.

It would be natural to assume that such an intimacy as exists between these two men must be the fruit of a friendship of many years' standing; for a fact, however, they were not even acquainted a year before the assembling of the memorable Baltimore Convention. They were brought together then because friends of Mr. Wilson felt that he must, in order to be nominated, have the Texas delegation, which seemed likely otherwise to be counted for Judson Harmon. They took an instant liking to one another, and so absolute is the faith of the Texas Democratic organization in the magical discernment of House that, when he notified its leaders that he had found the candidate they had all been waiting for, a delegation was made up for Baltimore who could be trusted to stick to Wilson through thick and thin.

House is not a rich man, as rich men go nowadays. He inherited a comfortable estate from his father, who was a considerable landowner, was interested in cotton culture, and did not a little banking in connection with the various irons he had in the fire. The Colonel has not done much more than conserve and improve what came into his hands by descent, and no one has ever heard of his going into any speculative ventures, albeit he has taken a hand in railway management in the South and been a director in a prominent Northern trust company. Though born and reared in Texas and still hailing from there, he received his schooling in New Haven and his college training at Cornell. It is his mixture of Northern and Southern interests, indeed, which has enabled him to compute so successfully the average of public sentiment in the country at large. His distaste for narrow sectionalism is possibly reflected in his selection for his summer home of the town in Essex County, Massachusetts, which derives its name from the fact that it is the northernmost habitat of the typically Southern magnolia.

TATTLER

Quantum Mutatus ab Illo!

THERE was a time when Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria was a different man—or did he only feign to be?—from the Saxe-Coburger of the imperial meeting at Nish, who proposed the health of his Sovereign Lord, William II, in that long Latin toast beginning "Ave, Cæsar Imperator, Victor . . . etc." This does not mean that there was a time—not so long ago—when he was no very brilliant Latin scholar. I simply refer to the time when "Ferdie the Fearless"—the French alliterate one shade more disparagingly, Ferdinand le Félon—thought he was the Great Ruler of but a small nation, which he knew was neither among the most cultured of the earth nor even among the cleanest. I remember him saying once, when coming out of the officers' mess-room in Sliven (Eastern Bulgaria), where he had entertained at dinner a large party of his army staff: "Mes généraux ne sentent pas bon!"

There even was a time when he did not look down upon the small fry of European nations. He visited Belgium and Montenegro during the summer of 1910, drawn to the one country by the exhibition held in Brussels that year, and to the other by the coronation of King Nikita, formerly Prince of Montenegro, who had made up his mind, one sunny day of August, to follow the example set by his cousin of Sofia, and try whether it would not sound nicer to hear himself be-majestied.

Ferdinand spent nearly ten days in Belgium, visited the exhibition most conscientiously, and showed himself greatly appreciative of the Belgian industriousness and spirit of enterprise, of the Belgian locomotives (of which he drove one himself at a speed of eighty-five miles an hour on the splendid Brussels-Ostend track), and even of the Belgian aviation, for it was at the Hasselt aviation ground that he received his baptism of air, piloted by one of the most accomplished gentlemen of Flanders, Knight de Lamine.

But nowhere did he show himself more enthusiastic about the splendid qualities and more splendid achievements of the great Little Nation than on board the Atlantic liner Lapland, a fine twelve-thousand-tonner belonging to the Red Star Line, which he visited in Antwerp. She was just back from an American trip and lay moored somewhere on the Scheldt, but her engines were restarted for the occasion and she glided slowly downstream, so that the King might see all the machinery at work. Ferdinand always prided himself on his Bourbon turn for engineering—had not Louis XVI been an accomplished locksmith?—and thought himself bound in honor to be very thorough in his examination of all the details of the engine room. Coming up, he found rows of bottles of champagne awaiting him and his escort in the large stateroom. Toasts were proposed. He drank the health of the Belgian mercantile marine, of the "free institutions" of Belgium, and referred warmly to the strong links which existed between Bulgaria and Belgium; for many an Antwerp ship, he said, used to bring back its freight of Bulgarian wheat from Varna, the chief Bulgarian harbor on the Black Sea, and Antwerp was the great emporium of the Bulgarian corn trade. He ended in assuring the city aldermen who escorted him that he would do all that lay in him to make those

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links even closer than they had been. Has Czar Ferdinand forgotten his Lapland toast?

There was such a thing as a Bulgarian colony in Antwerp, mostly young men who came there to get a smattering of the commercial art. The Bulgarian Consul gathered them, in the afternoon of the same day, round the modest table of his dining-room, in a suburban villa. The King was the guest of honor. There was more champagne. Toasts were proposed, in Bulgarian this time. I did not understand much, but one word recurred again and again—"Swoboda" —and I knew it meant liberty. What can Ferdinand have had to say about liberty in that long, high-sounding, almost passionate harangue of his, if it was not to commend the century-old Flemish practice of liberty to the Bulgarian youths who stood there, drinking in his words?

This little scene took place almost seven years ago. No doubt but Ferdinand—who is uncomfortably clever—would know how to argue himself and the others into the unshaken belief that he has remained even now loyal to the spirit of his flaming oration. He would possibly say he was quite willing to send more young Bulgars to Antwerp, to be there trained in the apprenticeship of liberty—Flemish liberty improved and rejuvenated by its twentieth-century apostle, von Bissing.

One month later—August 18, 1910—Czar Ferdinand met King Nikita, King Victor Emmanuel, and the Servian Crown Prince in picturesque Cettinje, after a most enchanting cruise down the Dalmatian coast. A big state dinner took place in the miniature royal palace—unkind tongues must have it that the dinner had been prepared in Vienna and brought up to the high Montenegrin mountain nest by railway and motor car, to be there warmed and served up. King Ferdinand drank the health of the old princely, new kingly dynasty. I caught a few words. "Swoboda" again and "Slav" were those which came most often. Colonel S——f, who sat next to me, told me that his royal master spoke of the blood relations of the great Slav family, and referred in not too covert words to the distant ideal of a free Slav league of the Balkans under the protection of the "great Slav brother."

Ferdinand's ideal in the Balkans seems to have slightly changed since then. I had known him for a pure and undefiled Frenchman near the tomb of Duc d'Alençon, in the Bourbon chapel in Dreux, or when he sat working at his Sofia writing-table, between the photographs of Duc d'Aumale on one side and of his wonderful mother, Princess Clémentine, on the other. I had known him for a true Hungarian magnate in the Magyar surroundings of the castle of Alcsuth, near Budapest, where he occasionally visited his sister, Archduchess Clotilda. In Cettinje I had the impression of an Arch-Slav, passionately devoted to purely Slav ideals. Two years later, when he issued his well-remembered war proclamation of the Cross versus the Crescent, he seemed to be overwhelmed by the strength of his Christian feelings.

It is his measureless ambition which has finally made a German of him. The German influence is now traceable in all his words, in all his acts. A Conqueror and a War-Lord like William, he is haunted by the past mediæval grandeur of the great Bulgarian Empire under Czar Boris, as William is by the antique glamour of the Holy Germanic Empire. He speaks of winning "his place in the sun" like his illustrious ally. He claims Nish as Bulgarian with the same fossil arguments that are brought forward by mystic Pan-Germanists to prove that Nancy is, by right of etymology, German Nanzig.

But his ambition will never be satisfied, for the dream of his life, to enter Constantinople as the successor of the Byzantine Emperors, is no more likely to come true than his more modest ambition of getting a large strip of the Cavalla coast to build himself a castle on that remarkable sunny Ægean Riviera. More than ever he strikes me as having been always a prey to the spectre of Historic Greatness, as having been dazzled by the superb despotism of the kings of the Arabian Nights. One would say he had a Renaissance hankering after fame, that pagan form of immortality.

What can "pacifism" be to a king who would think himself less of a king if war had not added military lustre to his constitutional title? What can "democracy" mean to a prince who could never forget that he was the grandson of a king, and feels himself a born conqueror, a king by divine right, almost a Biblical king?

I may be quite wrong, but Ferdinand of Bulgaria has always impressed me as Ambition and Pride incarnate, and I cannot think of him without having before my eyes that naïve thirteenth-century portrayal of "Superbia" carved in stone on the doorway of one of the finest French cathedrals: a resplendent knight on horseback who is being thrown down by his own caparisoned war steed.

FRANCK L. SCHOELL

Neuchâtel, Switzerland, January 18

Reviews of Plays

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

IF only for sake of the dramatic education of the younger generation, we must welcome Henry Miller's revival of Moody's "The Great Divide" at the Lyceum Theatre. It gives an opportunity to view in perspective a play which has already become part of the history of the American stage; has, indeed, been written of enthusiastically as one of the few great American plays. Great it is not; it has many evident blemishes, chief among them the fact that it is beyond the power of any actress—and Miss Gladys Hanson in the present production gives a truly admirable performance—to make convincing the character of Ruth Jordan. Nevertheless the position that Moody's play, representing so extraordinary a departure from his usual manner, has taken in American drama is not unjustified. If it is not great, it is at least American, as truly a product of American conditions and American ways of thought as that other style of drama native to the soil, a typical Cohan farce. Western cowboys were no novelty on the stage when Moody wrote "The Great Divide," but they were the cowboys of Buffalo Bill and the Deadwood coach; the plays in which they appeared were plays of action simply. It was Moody's contribution to American drama in "The Great Divide" that he saw in the West not merely action but character and philosophy, and in the contrast between East and West a clash of traditions and ideals. This accounts for the success of the play when it was first produced and for the somewhat exaggerated respect in which it has since been held. That what was almost original when Moody wrote has now passed into the commonplace in no way detracts from the service which the author performed.

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The present production is in all respects adequately made. Henry Miller appears in his original part, Stephen Ghent, and Mrs. Whiffen gives a delightful performance in her old rôle of Mrs. Jordan, receiving, in tribute both to her years and to her skill, the ovation of the evening.

S. W.

"A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY"

VOGUES are shortlived in this country, yet there is a quality in the work of Clare Kummer, author of two successes in the present season, which is promising. In "Good Gracious Annabelle" the whole structure was too slight to serve as a serious test; the play was a trifle whose motive power was sheer frivolity dressed up with bright invention. Yet the dialogue, while being natural, had a sparkle and "go" which was rather more than smartness. Her succeeding play, "A Successful Calamity," in which William Gillette was seen to advantage at the Booth Theatre, is airy without being inconsequential. It partakes in some measure of the quality inherent in the best representatives of contemporary English domestic comedy. In outline it is the sort of thing to which Barrie himself might have been attracted. Henry Wilton, a wealthy broker, who has grown children and a second wife almost as young as they, longs to spend a quiet evening at home, as a pleasant contrast to the whirl of gayety which is the custom of the household. He asks his butler how poorer people contrive to see something of their families in a quiet way, and receives the answer that, being poor, "they don't get to go." The words reëcho in Wilton's mind and he hits upon the idea of telling the family that he is ruined. (For the time being the audience is not certain that this may not be the case.) To his great delight, frivolous children and frivolous wife receive the announcement with the most devoted sympathy, and after dinner there is the game of cribbage for which for years he has been longing. The complications growing out of the announcement may be left untold. They are ridiculous, nonsensical, yet except for a slight overdoing of the first scene in the final act, the audience follows them with zest. Especially commendable is the opening drawing-room scene, which is conducted with a quiet confidence that brings conviction.

F.

TWO LONDON PRODUCTIONS

ONE form of war economy is being practiced with the utmost rigor in England—our dramatists are resolutely saving up their genius. Since I wrote my last account of recent productions in London, though an unusual time has elapsed, there have been only two new plays that call for even a passing mention. One of them, "London Pride," is the work of Miss Gladys Unger and Mr. Neil Lyons, who is, I understand, a novelist of some note. It is called "a London play for London people," and it seems that London people are taking to it kindly. It tells the story of a costermonger who goes to the war, leaving his lady-love behind him. Being falsely informed that she is in distress, he makes up his mind to desert and go to her rescue. His plan is to exchange identification disks with a dead comrade, under whose name he returns to England. But presently it appears that the Distinguished Conduct Medal has been awarded to the dead man; and our hero, though he did not mind stealing his comrade's name, draws the line at appropriating his honors. He accordingly gives himself up as a deserter—when, to his great amazement, he finds that he himself has done something even more heroic than the other man's exploit, and has been awarded the higher honor of the Victoria Cross. In view of his gallantry, the regimental authorities hush up the desertion, and the last scene shows his triumphant return to his native slum, where the Mayor and the Council of the local borough accord him a public welcome. The play is a mere piece of theatrical journalism, exploiting the sentiment of the hour. The worst one can say of it is that it is a little childish; the best, that it is honest and inoffensive.

"Light comedy" is the official description of "The Widow's Might," by Messrs. Leonard Huskinson and Christopher Sandeman, now running at the Haymarket. It certainly makes small pretensions, either intellectual or moral, but it provides a congenial part for a clever and popular actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Major Gerald Heathcote has got into an entanglement with a silly and featherbrained woman, Mrs. Tollinder, of whom he is heartily tired. In order to avert from Mrs. Tollinder the far from unfounded suspicions of her jealous husband, Lady Deborah Carstairs, the widow of the title, consents to let it appear that she is the object of Major Heathcote's affections. She makes this sacrifice all the more readily as she is secretly in love with him. He is very soon in love with her, and before the play is half over we are heading straight for a happy and strictly proper ending. Difficulties threaten to arise from the jealousy of the silly Mrs. Tollinder, who does not wish the Major altogether to escape her; but she is too ineffectual to make any serious trouble. There is some dexterity in the dialogue, but a more insignificant piece, in the exact sense of the term, it would be hard to imagine.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, January 18

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Blackwood, A. The Wave. Dutton. $1.50.
Burnett, F. H. The White People. Harper. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Ellis, H. Essays in War Time. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
More Tales by Polish Authors. Translated by E. Benecke and M. Busch. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Ryan, M. E. The Druid Path. McClurg. $1.35.
Saunders, K. J. The Story of Buddhism. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Dewey, J., and Others. Creative Intelligence. Holt. $2 net.
Flournoy, T. The Philosophy of William James. Holt. $1.30 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Finn, J. J. Operative Ownership. Chicago: Langdon & Co. $1.50.
Hurley, Edward N. Awakening of Business. Doubleday, Page $2 net.
Kleene, G. A. Profit and Wages. Macmillan.
Laughlin, J. L. Latter-Day Problems. Revised and enlarged edition. Scribner. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Bryan, W. B. A History of the National Capital. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5 net per volume.
Elliott, H. Herbert Spencer. Holt. $2 net.

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Summary of the News

DIPLOMATIC relations with Germany having been severed, the past week has been spent in waiting for an act of sufficient overtness to necessitate some further step by the President. That Mr. Wilson is firm in his purpose not to be inveigled into negotiations set on foot by Germany to gain time appears evident from the summary fashion in which the State Department dismissed a suggestion put forth last week through the Swiss Minister. This was that Germany was "willing to negotiate . . . with the United States, provided that the commercial blockade against England will not be broken thereby." Mr. Lansing's reply was a curt refusal to enter into any negotiations "until the German Government renews its assurances of the 4th of May and acts upon the assurance." The text of this correspondence was published in Tuesday's papers.

NEWS which has reached us from Berlin holds out little hope of any immediate abandonment of the measures announced by Germany. There the general tendency of the press comment is to accept the severance of relations with this country with regret but without undue repining, and to assume that the possible entrance of the United States into the war has already been discounted by the military and naval authorities. This is the attitude which has succeeded the first expression of pained surprise at America's unaccountable inability to grasp the German point of view. Meanwhile the German will to conquer appears to be resolutely fixed on assassination by submarines as the readiest means.

AMBASSADOR GERARD finally left Berlin with the staff of the embassy and a number of other Americans on Saturday night, reaching the Swiss frontier on Sunday, on his way to Spain. The affairs of the American Embassy in Berlin have been entrusted to the Spanish Ambassador. The delay in Mr. Gerard's departure, which occasioned a good deal of anxiety and some tension, appears to have been due to a rather obstinate misunderstanding on the part of German officialdom. Sensational reports reached Berlin that German ships in American ports had been seized, that German subjects in the United States were submitted to all manner of harsh treatment, and that there were doubts as to the safe return of Count Bernstorff. The German Government, paying heed to these reports but ignoring denials of them that also appeared in the newspapers, detained Mr. Gerard and other Americans, apparently as hostages, until an official message making it clear that the rumors were false was received through the Spanish Embassy. Even now, however, the German Government professes to remain unsatisfied, and announces its intention of holding the American sailors brought in on the Yarrowdale until assured as to the fate of the crews of German ships in American ports.

DISPATCHES from Zurich on Monday gave a rather unpleasant picture of the inconveniences, to put it mildly, to which Mr. Gerard was subjected; he was, it is stated, unable to communicate in cipher with Washington, his telephone wires were cut, his mail and telegraphic privileges stopped, so that he could not even instruct American Consuls, and he was, "in his own words, a prisoner." Another incident of Mr. Gerard's departure is described in dispatches from Copenhagen. From this account it would appear that, after relations had been severed, the German Foreign Office endeavored, by hints concerning the possible detention of American correspondents in Germany, to bring pressure on Mr. Gerard to sign a protocol reaffirming, with various additions, the treaty provisions between Prussia and the United States of 1799 and 1828 regarding mutual treatment of nationals in case of war between the two countries. This Mr. Gerard refused to do. It is worth remark in passing that certain other passages in these treaties make particularly instructive reading in the light of present German conduct on the seas.

NEUTRAL countries have for the most part replied to President Wilson's suggestion that they take the same course as the American Government in terms which the Berlin press optimistically characterizes as a "rebuff," but which are probably not so viewed in Washington. Part of the rebuff at any rate consists of a succession of notes from neutral after neutral addressed to the German Government and protesting in the most vigorous terms against German violations of the laws of nations and of humanity. That the European neutrals, especially those small states contiguous to Germany, would immediately rush to commit *felo de se* by severing relations with their powerful neighbor can hardly have been the implication of President Wilson's message, and the replies of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Sweden, affirming a continuance of their present conception of neutrality, were doubtless expected by the State Department. Only the last-named country, in whose Government circles pro-German feelings have prevailed throughout, phrases its communication in terms rather more curt than the occasion seemed to call for. Spain has reinforced its energetic refusal to recognize the German use of submarines by asking Parliament for a $200,000,000 vote of credit for "public works."

THE South American republics, while continuing diplomatic relations, have protested in even more emphatic terms than the European neutrals. Brazil declares the blockade to be "in disregard of the recognized principles of international law and of the conventions signed by Brazil and Germany" and throws responsibility for any injury to Brazilian citizens, merchandise, or ships on the German Government. Even this fails to satisfy a large section of the Brazilian press, which demands still more vigorous action. Peru, in rejecting the German measures, alludes to "the recent odious case" of the Lorton. From Argentina, Chili, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Cuba have gone forth similar replies. Finally, China gives proof of the justness of Col. Roosevelt's frequent comparison by associating herself firmly with the United States, advising the German Government that China will break off diplomatic relations if the new submarine measures are pursued.

MEXICO, dissociating herself from the common run of American republics, came forward in the rôle of a pacificator on Monday with the suggestion addressed by the de-facto Government to all neutral Powers that they unite in an agreement to stop the war by prohibiting the export of all foodstuffs and munitions to the belligerent countries of Europe. The source of the inspiration for this benevolent move is naturally under suspicion.

RESULTS of the unrestricted submarine warfare have surely fallen below the high expectations of Berlin. At any rate, submarine commanders will have to bestir themselves if they are to achieve their goal of a million tons of destruction a month. On the basis of their performance during the first twelve days of February they will hardly accomplish a third of that amount. It is worth noting, too, that the daily tonnage sent to the bottom has steadily diminished. February 6 was a big day, with 44,000 tons; February 7 showed 28,000; February 8, 23,000; February 9, 10,000; on the next day the sinking of two large British ships brought the total up again to 22,000; but on Sunday—one can hardly believe as a result of religious scruples—the record dropped to two ships with a beggarly total of only 5,000 tons. Monday's toll of 8,000 tons showed no sufficient improvement for boasting. Up to that day the total tonnage sunk was 186,474.

OF the ships sent to the bottom without warning and in contravention of all law and of the minimum guarantees on which the United States insisted at the time of the Sussex controversy, the most flagrant instances were the two passenger steamers, Port Adelaide and California. On the latter forty-one persons, including women and children, were lost. An American in the crew was saved. On the Japanese Prince, which was sunk on February 10, were twenty-five Americans, all of whom were saved. All periods of grace, the German Government announced on Tuesday, expired on February 10, and henceforth everything is to be sunk indiscriminately. Up to the time of writing only three American vessels have cleared from American ports to brave the "blockade." The St. Louis, of the American Line, has been held in port, awaiting a decision as to arming her.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S action in breaking relations with the German Government was endorsed by the Senate on February 7 by a vote of 78 to 5. Evidence of general support through the country has come in abundant measure, notably in the offer by innumerable firms of their plants for the service of the Government in case of war.

PARLIAMENT was opened by King George on February 7. On Monday two new votes of credit aggregating £550,000,000 were introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MILITARY operations of some importance have been resumed on the Ancre. Early last week Gen. Haig's forces occupied Grandcourt, following up the success by capturing a commanding height at Sailly-Saillisel. German efforts to regain the lost positions were repulsed, and Sunday's bulletin contained the announcement of the further capture of "a strong system of hostile trenches," extending over a front of three-quarters of a mile on the southern front of Serre Hill, north of Beaumont-Hamel. Progress has also been reported by the British force on the Tigris, which appears to be closing in on Kut-el-Amara.

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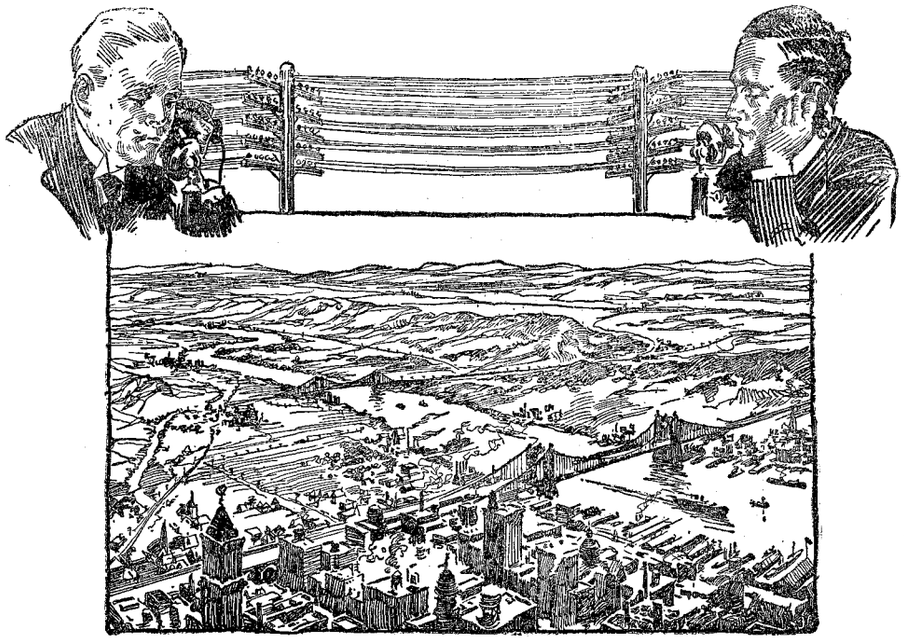

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